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GOD'S ACRE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison on the sleeping dust.

God's acre! Yes that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest; when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Mrs. Jones' Elopement.

Mr Jones came home that afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he felt out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this case, as they often had in other instances.

But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said. She had been busy all the afternoon in her room; she didn't know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and gone out, and had charged her to tell her husband, when he came home, that she should not be back until late in the evening. "'Gone out on particular business,' she said," added Bridget.

"On particular business," growled Jones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has. I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same—probably all the more—because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where she's gone."

He went up to her room to see if she had worn some of her best clothes.

"Because, if she has," reasoned Mr. Jones, "she gone off to have a good time with some one she cares more for than she does for me."

Mr Jones' brow was black as any thunder cloud at the thought. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to make mountains out of mole-hills.

But she hadn't worn any of her new dresses.

"It can't be she's gone to a party, then," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's going somewhere else and wants to keep dark. It begins to look mysterious. A woman don't generally go off in this way without saying something to her husband, and wear her old clothes, without its meaning something, I've observed," said Mr. Jones, solemnly, to the Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all does mean, anyhow."

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing desk. It was a freshly written page, beginning:

"DEAR EDWARD."

Mr. Jones' hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught the sight of that name. What awful thing had he discovered? Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she had gone out to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath from beginning to end.

It read as follows:

DEAR EDWARD:

I have read your touching appeal over and over, until every word of it is stamped upon my heart. It has caused me to fight a terrible battle with myself. I love you, and there is no use for me to deny it. I cannot deceive myself nor you by so doing. But my duty is to stay with my husband. I loathe him—I despise him; he is a tyrant—but he is my husband, and, as such, I suppose he has a claim upon me in the eyes of the world that you have not. But, my darling, I love you, and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with yours. I will do as you wish me to. I will meet you at the oak tree to-night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall—

And here, at the bottom of the page, the letter broke off abruptly. The other side of the page was blank.

"Great Jehosophat!" That was the awful word that broke Mr. Jones' lips when he had finished reading. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. If ever he felt justified in using it he did now. His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger, and surprise, and complete bewilderment.

"She loves him, does she?" he ejaculated, faintly. "And I'm a tyrant, am I? The wretched creature! She loathes me, and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see—ten o'clock, and I'll learn your 'Dear Edward' something he won't forget. I'll go out this blessed minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for you. I fancy we'll surprise you a little. Great Jehosophat! and she's actually been deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and coax her to elope with him! I can't believe it, and yet I can't doubt it, for here it is in her own handwriting. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it in black and white, Dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the awful blow? What will folks say? I shall be ashamed to meet anybody. Its awful—awful!" and Mr. Jones wiped his face with his hankerchief and looked the complete picture of grief.

Mr, Jones was so "struck all of a heap," to use his own expression, by the terrible intelligence that he didn't stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He only realized that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"There my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly, putting on his overcoat preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward 'him!"

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two main roads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones. "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't. I'll pommel him! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made the officers titter.

They waited and waited and kept waiting. The ten o'clock train came in, whistling shrilly. And still no sign of either man or woman for whom they were waiting.

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen; he heard steps down the road.

The night was dark, and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in thinking he heard steps. Some one was coming.

"It's him, curse him," muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say. Dont come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half kill him. But you keep off, and I'll take the consequences If I do kill him completely. Great Jehosaphat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful whisper. "Here, hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leisurely up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, and another in the ribs with the other fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly of first. The unsuspecting recipient of such an extaordinary greeting seemed half inclined to run at first, but on second thought, seemed to think better of it and turned upon his assailant.

"Take that, and that, and that! cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently by this time, dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll learn you to swoop round the Jones family trying to break it up Take that— and that! and—oh, great Jehosophat!"

Mr. Jones' tune suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe and was doing good work with it.

"Smith—Dobson! help! help!" shrieked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! help!"

The officers came to his assistance, and succeed in securing the stranger.

"I'd like to know what this means?" he demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should think you've all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers."

"We'll let you know what it means," cried Jones. "I dont believe you will want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife again."

"Is that you, Samuel Jones?" asked the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar before, but you bellowed so I couldn't make it out. Are you insane or idiotic—or what?"

"Lord bless me, if you ain't Uncle Joshua!" said Mr. Jones, faintly. He felt small enough just then to crawl through a knot hole. "I'm awful sorry that this has happened, but I couldn't help it. I didn't know it was you. You see Amelia's fell in love with some fellow and I came across a letter this afternoon that she had written to him saying she'd meet him here at ten o'clock, and I got these men to help me and we waited for him, and I thought you were the man!"

"Fell in love with another man and promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, indignantly. "You were always the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I saw her own letter," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was before long."

"You've lost all the senses you used to have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," said Uncle Joshua, rather uncomplimentary. "Come along to the house and we'll ask Amelia what it means."

Uncle Joshua led the way with a pain in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones' energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Mr. Jones followed in his wake with a sore head and a very black eye.

There was a light in the sitting room. Mrs. Jones was there.

"See here, Amelia, exclaimed Uncle Joshua, bursting in like a thunder storm "you're fool of a husband says you've fell in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying you'd meet him at ten o'clock to-night and run away with him, and he says he's seen the letter. Now I don't believe a word of it, but I'd like to have you explain, if you can."

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "It's no use for you to lie about it Amelia. You've broke my heart, and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk and here it is. It begins—'Dear Edward.'"

"Oh, I know all about it now," cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "O dear me! You see, Laura Wade and I agreed to write a story, and I have got mine half done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there I found that I'd lost a page of it. I must have left it on my desk. I was about a woman who was going to elope—my story was—and she wrote that she would go with her lover, and that, when she thougnt it all over, concluded to stay at home and do her duty. The page that was missing was the one that had the letter on it that she wrote to her lover. You found it, and thought I was going to run away! O dear me!"and Mrs. Jones laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I can't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know you were writing stories? You've no business to spend your time in that way."

"That's so," growled Uncle Joshua, whose stomach began to feel sore and bruised. "You're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool anyway!"

Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out, and he will never hear the last of Mrs. Jones' elopement.

Alexander Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton was, next to Franklin, the most consummate statesman among the band of eminent men who had been active in the Revolution, and who afterward labored to convert a loose confederation of States into a national government. His mind was as plastic as it was vigorous and profound. It was the appropriate intellectual expression of a poised nature whose power was rarely obtrusive, because it was half concealed by the harmonious adjustment of its various faculties. It was a mind deep enough to grasp principles and broad enough to regard relations, and fertile enough to devise measures. Indeed, the most practical of our early statesmen he was also the most inventive. He was as ready with new expedients to meet unexpected emergencies as he was wise in subordinating all expedients to clearly defined principles. In intellect he was probably the most creative of our early statesmen, as in sentiment Jefferson was the most widely influential. And Hamilton was so bent on practical ends that he was indifferent to the reputation which might have resulted from a parade of originality in the means he devised for their accomplishment. There never was a statesman less egotistic, less desirous of labeling a policy as "my" policy; and one of the sources of his influence was the subtle way in which he insinuated into other minds ideas which they appeared to originate. His moderation, his self-command, the exquisite courtesy of his manners, the persuasiveness of his ordinary speech, the fascination of his extraordinary speeches, and the mingled dignity and ease with which he met men of all degrees of intellect and character, resulted in making his political partisans look up to him as almost an object of political adoration. It is difficult to say what this accomplished man might have done as a leader of the Federal opposition to the Democratic administrations of Jefferson and Madison, had he not, in the maturity of his years and in the full vigor of his faculties, been murdered by Aaron Burr. Nothing can better illustrate the folly of the practice of dueling than the fact that, by a weak compliance with its maxims, the most eminent of American statesmen died by the hand of the most infamous of American demagogues.

A Man's Friends.

It is very certain that a man's intimate friends are often the last to suspect his possession of unusual abilities. This is a trite observation, but one is constantly being surprised at some new proof of its truth. It was not long ago that a gentleman told us that he did not believe a certain celebrated poet had any real genius, because he once lived in the same town with him, and knew that his family were no better than they should be. He had never read any of his books, however. It was the old story over again. "He is a great man!", "Nonsense! I knew him when he was only *that* high!"

An Essay on Fish.

Fish may be divided into classes—codfish and fresh fish. The propriety of dividing them into classes will be at once apparent when we reflect that they are usually found in schools,

The mackerel is not exactly a codfish; but he comes so much nearer being a codfish than a fresh fish that he is for the present classed with the former.

Fish exist in sizes to suit the purchaser, from minnows to whales—which are not fish, strictly speaking. Neither is the alligator a fish; but if we attempt to tell what are not fish, this article will far exceed its intended limits.

The herring is not absolutely a fish; he is a suggestion of departed fish. But the strongest suggestion of departed fish are smelt. The herring sustains the same relation to the finny tribe as the Egyptian mummy to the human race.

Fish are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is, they are caught by the gill and sold by the pound. But they are sometimes caught by weight—till you get a bite.

Contentment is the chief respite to the successful fisherman.

Surveyors are apt to be good fishermen because their lines and angles are apt to be all right.

The mermaid and fisherwoman may also be mentioned in this connection. The former is a good illustration of what is meant by the ideal, and the latter as fitly represents the real.

Many land animals are reproduced in the sea. Thus we have the dog-fish, the cat fish, sea-lions and sea-horses, but no sea-mules. None of the above have hind legs, and any manner of mule without hind legs would be a conspicuous failure.

It may not be out of place to mention Jonah in this connection. He was not a fish, but was once included among the inhabitants of the deep. There has been considerable dispute as to the name of the fish that swallowed the gentleman, above mentioned, some persons arguing that the throat of a whale is not large enough to swallow a man. This objection seems to be inconsequential.

Jonah might have been made in a smaller mould than other men. Moreover, it is certain that he was cast over before being swallowed—cast over the rail of the vessel.

There has been much speculation, also, as to the cause of Jonah's expulsion from the whale's interior, but the theory most generally accepted is that he soured on the whale's stomach.

He was very fortunate in reaching land, since he had no pilot. If he had taken a pilot into the stomach of the whale he would doubtless have selected Pauncheous Pilot as the proper man.

Jonah was the first man who retired from the Department of the Interior, and Delano was the last one.

But we digress. Let us return to our fish.

The codfish is the great source of all salt. In this respect Lot's wife was nowhere; however, it would be well to "remember Lot's wife."

The saline qualities of the codfish permeate and percolate the vasty deep, and make the ocean as salt as himself. Weighed in his own scales, he is found wanting considerable freshening. He is by nature quite social, his principal recreation being balls—fish balls.

The codfish was worshipped by the Greeks; but he is only half as well treated by the inhabitants of Cape Cod—he is simply shipped. Hence the difference between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

Small fish are usually harmless, but parents can't be too careful about permitting their children to play where large fish abound, as it is an established fact that the big fish frequently eat up the little ones.

The jelly fish is, perhaps the best understood of all the finny tribe, because being translucent, it is easy to see through him.

The greatest number of fish is eaten on Friday, and the next greatest number on Saturday, because those that are left over are warmed up for Saturday's breakfast.

Argumentative persons are fond of stating that it is grammatical to say that the five loaves and three fishes were ate, since five and three were always eight They should be treated with silent contempt.

Fish are provided with air bladders, so that they can rise from the depths of the sea by simply filling these bladders with air. If any one is disposed to ask where they get the air for such inflation, let him understand in advance that this article is not intended for the solution of petty conundrums.

There are many interesting rumors about fish which might be mentioned, but the foregoing facts may be considered as of fish-al.

National Burial Customs.

These several methods were practiced in the earlier ages by all the eastern nations. The Egyptians have become so identified with the first that we now turn toward the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies for a description and illustration of this mode. As late as the sixth century of the Christian era this process of preserving the dead was the custom among the people, when it was superseded by the modern rites, which have remained to this day. The Hebrews buried their dead, though from certain passages of Scripture it would seem that they occasionally practiced incineration. A feature of their burials has come down to us, namely, that of locating cemeteries without the walls of the city. With them the days of mourning numbered seven, although when a person of eminence died they continued sometimes thirty days. During this period, fasting, mourning, and other sacrifices were kept up by the friends of the deceased. The Greeks, as the next nation in point of early interest, were accustomed both to burn and to bury their dead. When it was intended to inter the remains, the body was placed in a coffin of baked clay or earthenware, and deposited, as with the Hebrews, out of the city. Burial within the city was forbidden. The funeral was succeeded usually with fasting that was more or less prolonged.

During the days of the republic in Rome interment was general, and even in the early years of the empire the custom was held, but later burning was the practice, which, however, fell into ill-favor in the fourth century, when Christianity was gaining a strong foothold, and the Emperor himself became a disciple of that faith. In the latter days of the republic and the earlier of the empire, when incineration was introduced, it was the custom, if the deceased was rich, to wash the corpse, which was then anointed with oil and perfumery by the slaves of the undertaker. A coin was placed in the mouth to pay the ferriage into Hades, the abode of departed spirits. The body was well dressed, and placed with the feet toward the door of the house in which the deceased had expired. The funeral took place at night. If the station of the dead warranted it, the body was conveyed through the forum, where an oration was pronounced. It will be remembered how Marc Antony spoke over the body of Cæsar when his remains were taken to the place of public assembly. The body was then burned, the flames were extinguished by wine being poured on them, and the bones and ashes were carefully collected and placed in an urn. to be preserved by the relatives and friends.

The Germanic races at one time practiced what has been known in recent years as cremation. The remnants of this old custom are seen even now in their torchlight processions in honor of their departed princes, which point unmistakably to the fire-burial once so prevalent. The views of Sir Henry Thompson on cremation are accepted by the descendants of the Germanic races, which may serve to show that the relics of the fire-burial still exist. The Saxons and Frislans of the olden time were terrified at its darkness, when the narrow grave was introduced among them as the successor of their burning burials. With the Northmen cremation followed the mound-burial. Cæsar, when he was in Gaul, observed that the natives practiced cremation, and Tacitus speaks of the fire-burial as a Germanic custom, special kinds of wood being used for chieftains. The Northmen buried the ashes of their dead after their incineration and planted flowers over the tomb.

The natives of the islands of Behring Sea were in the habit of mummifying the bodies of their dead. This custom does not appear to have ever existed among the tribes inhabiting the main land on either the American or Asiatic side of the sea. In the Chukchee Peninsula, on the Asiatic shore, there is no soil in which to bury the dead, and cremation is impossible for want of wood, hence the nations expose their dead, to the mercy of the bears, dogs, and foxes. In the Yukon Valley, Alaska, the soil is almost always frozen hard, and excavation is extremely difficult, but timber abounds, and the remains of the dead are boxed up in wooden coffins, and elevated on posts. The Indians of the great Northwest employ a similar means of disposing of their dead. On the islands soil is not permanently frozen, and graves might be easily dug, but wood is scarce, and as there are no wild animals, the natives lay their dead away among the nooks and crannies of the rocks. The Kaniags and Aleuts preserve their dead by mummifying. The Indians of the West take great care of the remains of the papooses and young men and women, whom they wrap securely in robes and blankets and place in trees or on raised platforms, where they rest, sometimes for a number of years. They, however, would leave with the utmost unconcern an aged woman to die or to be torn to death by ravenous beasts. Beside the Indian his pony is killed, and his immediate deposited with him in his pouch, with his flint and steel, and favorite weapons. The old Norse warrior was burned, and his dog and often his horse were also cremated. In India burning and burying were and are both practiced, and until quite recently it was the custom for the widow of the deceased to place herself on the funeral pyre with her husband's remains and be burned alive. The Turks and other Eastern nations treat their dead with great reverence, and bury them in cemeteries which are given a religious keeping. The modern Greeks usually bury their dead with their faces uncovered, and open-faced caskets are quite common among Americans. The orthodox Jews still retain the mourning ceremonies of their ancestors, while the others conform more to the custom of the nations among whom they dwell.

In England, France, and other European countries the beautiful service prevails of strewing the graves with flowers, and the anniversary which is celebrated here as "Decoration Day" shows how this lovely practice has found favor with Americans. For centuries the Christain burial places throughout Europe were in the churches, and in cemeteries adjoining places of religious assembly. In France in the year 1777 this custom was discontinued, which example was very generally adopted elsewhere.

Japanese Oddities.

The Japanese turkeys do not quite come up to those of their kind in America. Their flesh does not become so succulent and tender upon a diet of rice as upon meal and corn. The Japanese have an odd name for this bird, signifying the "seven-colored face," from the changing hues the gobbler's gills. By the same way their name for the crab, the animal that walks "seven ways." Speaking of curious names reminds me of what the coolies say about chestnuts and sweet potatoes. These poor fellows, who perform the most toilsome and prolonged tasks for a mere pittance, who "bear the burden and the heat of the day," in the fullest sense of the expression, have a hearty appreciation of good food. Toiling as they do for daily wages that would not purchase the food of a child in our country, cheap food is the necessity of their lives. Hence it is that they feed largely upon sweet potatoes, the cheapest of all edibles in Japan. Chestnuts, which are known as "nine mile nuts," while not excessively dear, are generally beyond the means of the coolies. But they delight to fancy that sweet potatoes are almost as good as chestnuts, so they accordinly dub the potato "eight mile and a half food," which makes it only half a mile short of the chestnut. A man who lives on chestnuts can go nine Japanese miles (about twenty-two and a half English miles) in a day, while he who eats sweet potatoes can go eight miles and a half (twenty-one and a quarter English miles) hence the names. Notwithstanding what seems to us to be the weak and insufficient diet of the Japanese laboring men, their endurance and strength are truly wonderful. I have ridden sixty miles between sun and sun in a jynrickisha drawn by two coolies, and the day after that I went about forty miles more with the same two men. At the end of the first day's journey they did not seem to be very fatigued. Immediately after stopping at a tea-house for the night they took a bath in water so hot that I could not have washed my hands in it, and after comfortably parboiling themselves got out, took a heavy meal of rice and fried fish, and then sat up almost all the night gambling and drinking saki. On the coldest days, and even when there is snow on the ground, you can see these fellows on the street with no clothing save a thin cotton shirt, a pair of pants of the same material reaching to the knees, and straw sandals. Nor do they seem to be particularly cold, although a foreigner would consider their custume barely sufficient for a warm Summer day.—*Correspondence Cleveland Herald.*

A Lucky Man.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get along in the world and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual! Luck? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old, dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something worth having, good fortune good name, and serene old age, all go in his hard, dirty road.

Origin of Mahogany Furniture.

About the eighteenth century a West India captain brought some mahogany logs as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown aside as too hard for the workmen's tools. Some time afterward his wife wanted a candle box. The Dr. thought of the West Indian wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the Dr. to have a bureau of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who came to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.

Some Curious Ways of Observing St. Valentine's Day.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossippy old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and he grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it on an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"O contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
And listen to her voice;
No more illn-ive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

"Tho Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden seemed like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend these eyes t share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;
She came—'t was all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.

Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that wouldn't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.—*St. Nicholas for February.*

German Gentlemen.

It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behavior, and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than he is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to declare that he trades on his nobility, and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. Not from the so-called "lower orders" is resentment ever likely to become dangerous, but from the well-educated, underbred middle-class; the very middling—if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in an M. B. waistcoat, and waiting for the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means here shopkeeping, every petty grocer writes *Kaufmann* (merchant) over his shop door, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called "born a gentleman;" but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so; and we all know that a "cotton lord" may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a "hundred earls." The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise. The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, tails where we might expect him to fail. "Without love," says our great humorist, "I can fancy no true gentleman"—love that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant, he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand vivier;* as a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillion, it may be even slightly to "compromise" her. She is of course, a married woman (for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl,) so she knows, and ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away and laugh over his little social successes, when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes;* and she will be backbitten in the "Kaffees," and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless, indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference, no longer possible; and even then, an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters, and, after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull, domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as militaty, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be "a moment's ornament," but life is easier *en garcon.* One has a thousand egoisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man gallooned all over with gold, and staggering under orders, cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which English women accept with all the unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a "*Tausand Dank, meine Gnadigste,*" but the "most gracious" will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for "pain and anguish" to "rack the brow" before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties and pass down the stairs they will draw themselves up in *strasame militarische Haltung,* click their heels together and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is is not devotion, chivalric behavior, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Age of the French Language.

It will be one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age if there is really ground for thinking that the French tongue was spoken in Gaul in the fourth century before Christ, and that it was afterwards superseded by Latin. As much seems implied in a late review in the *Times* of M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Annals of a Fortress." In that book the imaginary history of a fortress is traced from the earliest times to the march of the Allies on Paris. In the review we read: "In the fourth century before the Christian era this position, then known as the Val d'Avon, was occupied by a tribe of Gauls." In due time, "when Gaul had become a Roman province, the Val d'Avon, with the highland above, was transformed into the camp of Abonia." If there is any meaning in words, this clearly implies that the Gauls called the place Val d'Avon, and that the Romans changed the name to Abonia. That Gauls in the fourth century before Christ should speak such remarkably good French is certainly surprising. But, if anything could make us believe it, it would be the authority of one who has studied the revolutions of Gaul so minutely as M. Viollet-le-Duc. It is possible, however, that the translator or reviewer may be answerable for the statement rather than the author himself. M. Viollet-le-Duc, writing in French, would naturally call his valley Val d'Avon, whether he was speaking of the fourth century before Christ or of the nineteenth century after Christ. He would naturally say that the Romans planted their camp of Abonia in the Val d'Avon. But it is a hasty conclusion from this that the Gauls called the place Val d'Avon, and that the Romans changed the name to Abonia. Dr. Guest, writing in English, might say with perfect correctness that Aulus Plautius founded Londinum in the valley of the Thames. But it would be rash to argue from this that even Plautius himself ever used the words "Valley of the Thames," and still more rash to argue that forms of words was usual among the Britons of the fourth century before Christ.

Children's Winter Clothing.

It is a favorite maxim with city mothers, says Scribner's Monthly that children are warm-blooded, and need less clothing, than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggins, kilt suits and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls, of from three to five, were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was of under vest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an inbumbent airy mass of muslin, ribbons and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers, women of culture and ordinary intelligence, were wrapped in woolens, skins and furs. In consequence of this under-dressing the children are housed except on warm days or when they are driven out in carriages, and therefore a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolutely folly to try to make a child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a strait-jacket of amber heads or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woolen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino—whatever you think you can afford—on top of that, tie on a snug little hood and turn the baby out every winter's day, unless the wind be from the north-east and the air foggy and before spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white.

Leaf Photographs.

A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get a dime's worth of bichromate of potash. Put this in a two-ounce bottle of salt water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly moistened. Let it become nearly dry, in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it a piece of soft black cloth and several sheets of newspaper. Put these between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size) and with spring clothespins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame put in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part become perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs, if well taken are very pretty as well as interesting.

A "Secret Blow" in Fencing.

Very silly is the belief of the existence of secret blows, whose magic defies the most consummate skill. "The commander's blow" and "the Italian blow" are the most famous of these secret blows. They are simplicity itself, and cannot be successfully executed if the adverssry be a tolerable swordsman and carefully on his guard. To explain them here would oblige me to enter into technicalities, which would be Greek to the majority of readers. The only secret blow which is certain of success is "the gendarmes' blow." The gendarmes are the rural police. When your adversary is about to attack you, assume a horrified expression of countenance, cast a terrified glance at the horizon *back* of him, shout: "There comes the gendarmes!" As he turns his head to look, run your sword through him, exclaiming, as you do so, and this artfully, that the whole sentence may seem to be one ejaculation: "Let's make haste!" It wrings my heart to be obliged to add that judges and juries are not disposed to consider "the gendarmes' blow" as a legacy of the Chevalier Bayard.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Old Saws.

Among the wise sayings for the year are the following:

A blind man's wife needs no painting.

Death is before the old man's face and may be at the young one's back.

Review the time you have misspent; think upon it and lament.

Sloth is an argument of a mean and degenerate mind.

Evil company makes the good bad, and the bad worse.

Good men are safe when evil ones are at variance.

In a thousand pounds' worth of law there is not a shilling's worth of pleasure.

Recreation should fit us for business, not rob us of time.

He that can do us an injury may at one time or other do us a kindness.

A Father's Sacrifice—A Story of French Conscription.

Up four flights of stairs in a house in Paris were three snug little rooms inhabitated by the family Roumille. They had only peaked roofs, chimneys and the blue sky to look out upon, but so pleasant were the rooms within, and so neat, and tasteful and sunny, that there was small temptation to turn the eyes away from them.

It was evening, and the family were assembled at supper. They were observing a *fete*, and the best gilt china glittered on the table, a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced cake, surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, distinguished the center. Around the board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate and loving mother, their brave, handsome boy, and one other not now belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents, and wife by the son. She was a gentle, lovely young girl, looking with affectionate respect upon the old folk, and with fond, modest eyes upon her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years this night hast thou been the delight of my heart. Thou hast gladdened my eyes every day thou hast lived. Ah! that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer!"

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marion takes thy word as a reproach to her?" said the father. "Thou would'st have thy son all for thyself, thou sayest."

"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marion for my daughter," she replied. "No, no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she need not fear. I think even my Robinet happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father! Our boy is of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy.

"Wife," he said, "our boy is affectionate to us, true to Marion, and loving to God. If heaven is but just, he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."

"Whom God loveth he chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marion's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "To-night I am free. To-night I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even if to-morrow I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you covered with honors. Will you not be glad and proud then?"

"My son, my son, I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou dost; but few came back to their mothers. Oh, Rodinet, thou art my only one, and if thou art killed I shall be childless."

"Ah, wife," said the father, forcing back his tears, "Could'st thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only sons of widows. If thy useless old husband were gone, thou could'st keep thy brave young son."

"Ah, ah," cried the wife; "stop the old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth,

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., 2, Mar. 1876.

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St. Louis has been decided upon as the place and the 27 of June next as the time for holding the next democratic national convention, for the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president,

The democracy have now fixed two things for the next presidential campaign—the time and place for the meeting of the next national convention Two more things remain to be fixed upon which are of vastly more importance to the party and the nation than the above—the democracy must fix upon candidates for president and vice-president who will be sure to win. What we want is one of the ablest and purest democratic statesmen placed in nomination for president with an unexceptionable man for vice-president. The people are tired of Grantism and crooked whiskey rings, and they will vote a good democratic ticket if our national convention will give them the opportunity. With good nominees, there is not much need for a platform. The man is what will be looked too. We place little value upon paper platforms. The people don't care a fig about high sounding resolutions but want the man with the right ring in him, and that will be platform enough of itself. Suppose Gen. Washington or Old Hickory were here and placed in nomination, no one but an idiot or Wendell Phillips would ask for the platform. Give us good men—let harmony prevail and with brisk work from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the democracy will be triumphant next November.

Moulton has written a letter to the Plymouth Advisory Council, in which he says: "I send this communication to the Council simply to say that I am prepared to prove Henry Ward Beecher's guilty of adultery and perjury by evidence both oral and documentary, and that, if allowed the opportunity of producing such proof before the Council I fail to sustain this assurance, then I am willing to be denounced by mankind as a wretch devoid of truth and honor and unworthy of human association."

RETURN OF REASON.

We are glad to note a return of reason and brotherly kindness and charity among a class of democrats in Centre county, whose democracy was of the strait and strict quality, that they would refuse to support a candidate for office if he at any time, however remote, belonged to the opposition party. That this political fastidiousness is wearing off we are pleased to note from the doings of the democratic county convention which re-assembled on Tuesday of last week and where Andrew G. Curtin was warmly recommended as the democratic nominee for the vice presidency. Mr. Curtin was long the head of the republican party in this state, and for the last four years has acted with the democratic party—an acquisition to our ranks of which we are proud, and the democracy need not feel ashamed of him—he is a sore loss to the republicans and a great democratic gain. It is not too late to do good and throw off squeamish notions and we trust that this will be the end of calling gentlemen like Adam Hoy "baby democrats," although he hails from the oldest and best democratic families in Centre county, and has acted with the democratic party four years to Gov Curtin's one. This same uncharitable feeling was shown towards our excellent member of congress, Col. Mackey, because he at one time was a whig and yet after having acted for a dozen of years with the democratic party, some were so fine in their political tastes that they joined in with an independent movement to defeat him because he many years ago belonged to the opposition party. We are pleased to think that this foolish proscriptive feeling has been thrown aside by the stand some of these gentlemen have taken in favor of Curtin, and that they will live up to it with consistency and extend a welcome hand to all decent republicans who may wish to join the democratic ranks.

BRISTOW STOCK WANING.

Bristow is Grant's cabinet officer who did his duty in bringing the crooked whiskey ring to justice. When the Secretary started out against these robbers and before lighting struck so close on to the heels of the president himself, and knocked private secretary Babcock into a swoon, we say before this bolt descended, many radical organs all over the country were loud in praise of Bristow and brought him forward for the presidency. But as soon as in the discharge of his sworn duty his hand fell upon Babcock, so soon Bristow's radical admirers commenced to cool down, and not one is left to say, "Bristow for president." This is proof that the republican party managers do not look with approval upon the efforts made by Secretary Bristow to break up the thieving whiskey ring. So long as it did not interfere with the thieves near the throne it was all right and Bristow was lauded, but as soon as the brave secretary's work led him into the white-house itself, and he went on fearlessly in the discharge of his duties, then radical admiration for a faithful officer ceased. What a picture this presents! There is no longer any doubt in the minds of honest men, that the crooked whiskey ring had its principal branch office in the white-house, and if there was one place above all others where lightning should strike, it was right there, and because it did strike there, the hand that directed it is cursed by all third-term politicians, federal office holders and revenue thieves.

Bristow did his duty, hence Bristow will not make a fit candidate for the radical party for president.

The jury has acquitted Babcock. That is what was expected and predicted beforehand. The administration could not afford to have any other verdict, and left nothing undone that might serve to bring about an acquittal. It was not clearly proven that Babcock was guilty, and it was not made very plain that he was innocent—that's where the matter will rest. The other jury, the people themselves, are of the opinion that Babwas a partner in the crooked whiskey frauds. He, at all events, was very thick with the revenue thieves, and the Babcock telegrams read just like such despatches would passing between rogues that were operating to defraud the government. Grant swore that Bab gave him a satisfactory explanation of those despatches but he did not remember what the explanation was as to a single one of them. How queer! What a pity that a president of the United States has so short a memory. But short memories are useful sometimes and in the case of Babcock it was a God-send to have the president so forgetful. The jury has acquitted Babcock, but the people still take him to be a crooked whiskey cock.

There is great rejoicing in administration circles that "one guilty man has escaped," even Grant is glad, although he forgot what the explanation of those telegrams was. This acquittal of Babcock by the jury will not change one single mind in the country—every body thinks that Babcock was in league with the crooked whiskey rogues, excepting Ulysses and he couldn't remember what explanation was given him of the queer telegrams, hence his opinion is of little account. Well, one guilty man has escaped.

Hon. L. A. Mackey, we notice by the proceedings in Congress, on Monday presented a memorial of citizens of Centre county in reference to the financial embarrassments of the country and the distress among the laboring population, which was referred to the committee on Banking and Currency. This memorial recommends a uniform legal tender government currency, and a compulsory reduction of the rate of interest heretofore charged under the financial policy of the government, which has been the principal cause of the present prostration of the industries of the country.

BOSS GRANT'S DEPOSITION.

[*St. Louis Times.*]

The publication of President Grant's testimony in favor of Babcock in the newspapers of yesterday was vitally deficient. Some exceedingly interesting passages of the direct examination were objected to, ruled out by Judge Dillon, and not published, for the reason that they were not furnished to the reporters. We hereby print them as they were sworn to and signed by U. S. Grant, in answer to a question he says:

"General Babcock complained very bitterly of the treatment he was receiving after the speech made by Mr Henderson in the Avery trial was delivered."

Part of a question and answer objected to and struck out by Judge Dillon:

Question— . . . And it is that confidence in his fidelity and integrity still unimpaired and undiminished?"

Answer—"And as yet my confidence in him is unshaken. I have never learned anything that would shake that confidence. Of course, I have heard of this trial that is progressing."

Here are still others that were omitted in the published report.

Question—"What was the general character of the explanation of the nature of the despatches to which has been directed, given to you by General Babcock?"

Answer—"The explanations which he gave seemed to me to clear up all grounds of suspicion against him."

Question—"What was the general character of those explanations?"

Answer—"It was generally a statement of their meaning, and what they were in response to, but I could not, probably, gives at this time his explanation of any one of them."

Question—"But the explanations as given at the time were such as to satisfy you?"

Answer—"They seemed to me to be entirely satisfactory."

A wonderful memory and prodigious judgment.

Exit Don Carlos; enter Queen Isabella. That is said to be the arrangement of King Alfonso, who, when the war is over, will meet the ex-Queen at the frontiers of France and escort her in regal state to Madrid. This is Bourbon madness. Nothing else could suggest such a suicidal step. A dissolute Queen, who was driven from a throne by the people, is to be forced into position again as one of the earliest results of a successful war. King Alfonso will have troubles enough to face and overcome without those of his own making. If he reintroduce Queen Isabella into Spain he will have to shoulder her crimes and plunders, as well as his own mistakes, and that will be a load to crush a stronger man than he. The young King has a rough road to travel. All his enemies will not leave Spain when Don Carlos crosses the borders, and he should strengthen his position by judicious action, not weaken it by acts of folly. But he is a Bourbon, and any crooked path is possible to him and his supporters, as it was to the Stuarts, of England, and the fate of the races will be identical at last. The selfishness of the Stuarts alienated from them all their followers in England and Scotland, brave, devoted gentlemen, as many of them were, That will ultimately be the history of the Bourbons in Spain. And there is no better way to make the wheel of certain fate revolve with increased rapidity than to install Queen Isabella in the Royal Palace at Madrid. The affections of the son will not cover the outrage of the King.—*Times.*

Result of the Babcock trial—one guilty man has escaped.

Hon. L. A. Mackey has our thanks for pub. doc's sent.

Babcock has resigned and the President has appointed his son, Fred Grant, as his private secretary.

The managers of Eastern Railroad lines leading into Chicago, agreed, on Saturday, on a reduction of five cents on East bound grain and fourth class freight, and ten cents on flour. This reduction is to go into effect on March 1st.

Memphis, Tenn., February 25.—The Appeal's Jackson (Miss.) special says. In the House to-day a resolution impeaching Gov. Ames of high crimes and misdemeanors in office was adopted—yeas, 86; nays, 14. Sixteen Republicans were absent. All who were present and two Democrats—Coossland and Warren voted no.

The House elected Featherstovey, Tucker, Percy, Muldraw, Booksdate and and Spigler, managers, to prosecute the case before the Senate counsel.

Lieutenant Governor Davis filed a plea denying wholly and severally the articles of impeachment.

In the Louisiana house of representatives, Feb. 25, a committee of seven was appointed to investigate the charges against Governor Kellogg, and report as early as practicable. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the senate, on the expiration of the regular session on March 2, to continue ten days. The republicans believe the majority of the house intend to present articles of impeachment against the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor on the last day of the session. If this is done, these officials will be suspended from office, under the constitution, and the speaker of the house will become acting Governor.

On a thorough examination of the testimony the President has become convinced that General Babcock did not act with the discretion which he ought to have observed as a member of the executive household. The matter was spoken of in the cabinet meeting to-day, and the opinion was expressed that it would be as well if he should not resume his place at the White House. The impression now is that Gen. Babcock will be superseded by Mr. U. S. Grant, jr., who has been discharging the duties of he position with great acceptability. It is understood that Mr. Luckey is also to be displaced as one of the private secretaries of the President.

THE NEW ORLEANS WHISKEY RING.

[*Special Despatch to the World.*]

Washington, February 23.—It was very currently rumored to-night that the Attorney-General had been advised that sufficient evidence had been discovered at New Orleans to warrant the indictment of a United States Senator, also an intimate friend and relative of the White House, and possibly a Judge of a United States Court in the South west for conspiracy to defraud the Government in the Whiskey Ring of that quarter.

BOWEN AGAIN BEFORE THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE—HE FIRES AND RUNS—A STRANGE STORY.

New York, February 23.—Henry C. Bowen appeared before the examining committee of Plymouth Church at Mr. Halliday's house to-night and read his statement. Mr. Beecher and forty or fifty others were present. After the reading of the document Mr. Bowen turned to leave the room, when it is said the door was locked on him by Mr. White and Mr. Shearman said: "Mr. Bowen, you will not be permitted to leave the room." But he reached the door of the back room before it could be locked and left the house with his sons, who had accompanied him. Mr. Bowen refused to give his statement to the press, saying that he left the responsibility of its publication with the examining committee. Mr. S. V. White was visited and his version is substantially this: Mr. Bowen read a statement of fifty-two pages, in which he failed to give names of dates. It referred to scandals of ten or eleven years ago. After reading a few pages he handed the paper to Dr. Ward, which showed that it was Dr. Ward who wrote it. Mr. Bowen stepped toward the door and Mr. White, desiring to prolong the interview as much as possible, and being seated near the door, turned the key withdrew it from the lock and put it in his pocket. Mr. Bowen stepped back several feet, and, surveying the situation saw a means of exit by the back door. He darted in that direction upsetting chairs and other articles of household furniture in his flight, and escaped from the house.

At a late dinner given in San Francisco California, to Hon. William Sharon, United States Senator from Nevada, by his old friends of the Comstock lode, more than half the company were millionaires, and the remainder could count their stories in hundreds of thousands of trade dollars. The feast was unparalleled in all respects, and each gentleman seated around the festive board found near his napkin a bill of fare engraved upon a heavy plate of solid silver, dug from the Comstock lode and highly polished. These were gotten up in artistic style, at a cost of over $40 each, measured about 6½x4½ inches, of a quarter of a dollar's thickness. At the end of the banquet each guest pocketed his unique programme as a memento of the occasion and in remembrance of those who participated in the dazzling event. This was truly a "big bonanza" in the bill-of-fare line.

MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

Chicago, February 15.—Late on Wednesday night a fire in Lemars, Iowa, destroyed a large building occupied by four families. A woman and three small children were buried in the ruins, and when found were burned to a cinder. The husband of the woman is now a raving maniac.

GENERAL BREAK-UP OF THE CARLIST FORCES.

Madrid, February 26.—It is officially announced that eight Carlist buttalions refused to obey orders to fire upon the Royalists. After a conflict between officers and men, the force was disbanded and surrendered in parties at Tolosa yesterday. The Carlists are soliciting amnesty by thousands. A dispatch from the Royalist General Martinez Campos announces that nine battalions have surrendered at Pampeluna. It is generally believed that a complete breaking up of the remaining Carlist forces is imminent, and the war is regarded as virtually ended.

8,000 CARLISTS SUBMIT TO ALFONSO.

London, Feb. 28.—A dispatch from San Sebastian to the Daily News says 8,000 Carlists submitted to King Alfonso at Tolosa. The Times' correspondent with the Carlists telegraphs from Hendaye, Sunday: "Lesca, with 12,000 men, was between Vera and Endorlaza this morning. Don Carlos and Lizarraga, were at Olagui near Pampeluna."

HOLIDAY WEEK AT WOLF'S STORE, PA.

It may be a general satisfaction for the numerous readers of the Reporter, to hear of one of the most successful musical conventions ever held in this part of the Keystone state, which was held at Wolf's Store, Pa., under the direction of Prof. J. A. Weaver of Pine Grove, and assisted by Prof. Wm. P. Meyer from Aaronsburg.

On Monday evening, Feb. 21st, a large number of singers and a crowd of spectators assembled in the Evangelical church, and the work immediately commenced.

Rev. Wm. Landis of Rebersburg, arrived on Tuesday morning, and after a few appropriate words by way of encouragement, also joined the class.

Singers from a distance arrived daily during the entire week, and already on Thursday there were over a hundred singers present. In fact, everybody, old and young, took an active part in the work and made it a complete success

The united voices of such a class of well drilled singers caused this whole neighborhood to ring with its fascinating charms The village school-master attempted to teach on Wednesday, but failed on account of i s influence, and early in the afternoon the Prof. with his whole flock took their flight from the school-house to the spot from whence it originated.

Good feeling prevailed throughout the whole week and everybody being of good cheer everything passed off pleasantly and ended on Friday evening with a grand concert, which was largely attended, and everybody was highly pleased with the entertainment

Financially it was for the benefit of the church and a handsome amount was realized.

Taking all in all, it was decidedly a grand success and a genine holiday week, with nothing to do but eat, sleep, sing and be merry. A MEMBER.

THE TREASURY INVESTIGATION.

On Friday, 25, Mr. Reighard, of the committee appointed by the House last session to investigate the affairs of the State Treasury, submitted a report which was read.

The report and testimony make a formidable looking document, setting forth that the loan of $2,200,000 had been unconstitutionally diverted from the Sinking Fund. That an average monthly balance had been retained for many years, in the hands of the State Treasurer, of $2,100,000 on which the State had received no interest.

The committee acknowledge that the Treasurer found some justification for the withdrawal from the Sinking Fund in an act of the Legislature of 1870, but considered, nevertheless, that he should have obeyed the Constitution.

There had also been a failure to invest the quarterly balances by reducing the State debt.

The committee say that if the State had received interest in the sum of $2,100,000 the average amount which for twelve years had been in the Treasury, she would, at five per cent, have obtained $1,260,000. The committee had to subpœna State Treasurer Mackey and ex-State Treasurers M Grath, Kemble and Irwin. Of these Mackey had alone appeared, but ultimately had denied the authority of the Committee, and he and the remainder of the gentlemen had contemptously disregarded the subpœnas.

It now remained for the House to take such action as is thought necessary.

It was signed by all the Democrats on the Committee.

Mr. Bailey, Republican, gave notice that he would present a minority report of the Investigating Committee, based upon the fact that the present State Treasurer had really opened the records of his office to the investigating Committee.

The report was ordered to be printed.

THE DOOM OF "MO. LIE MAGUIRE-ISM.

Mauch Chunk, February 22.—There was the usual large crowd in the opening of court yesterday when it was understood by the public that the argument on the motion for a new trial in the case of Doyle was to be heard. The authorities are taking precautions against a rescue or a surprise of any kind since the confession of Kerrigan. The carrige in which the prisoners go to and from the jail is well guarded, and the arrangements are such that a number of policemen are always near by. At night the prison is strongly guarded by men who would not give up without a severe struggle. A patrol is on the streets at all hours after bed-time.

The court, after hearing the evidence and considering it, refused to grant a new trial, and to day the District Attorney moved for sentence. Doyle replied to the question of the court as to whether he had anything to say by remarking, "I don't care what you say; you will do what you like anyway." The Judge then said he would make no protracted remarks, and proceeded to sentence the prisoner to be hung by the neck until he was dead. Doyle stood still and exhibited no sign of emotion. After the sentence was pronounced his aged mother kissed him passionately, and stroked his hair in a tender, motherly way. The poor old woman almost fainted after she resumed her seat. Doyle was removed to prison where he will remain until the sentence is executed. He is the first man ever convicted of a capital offense in Carbon county.

BABCOCK ACQUITTED.

St. Louis, Feb. 24.—At the opening of court this afternoon the motion for a new trial in the McKee case was taken up and argument begun at twenty-five minutes past three. The jury in the Babcock case sent word that they had found a verdict, and they were immediately ushered into court. On taking their seats the foreman of the jury handed the verdict to the clerk who read it as follows: "We the jury find the defendant not guilty." Some demonstrations in favor of the defendant were made but they were quickly suppressed. There was a general hand-shaking, however, and General Babcock and counsel were on the jury and most heartily and feelingly shook the hand of each juryman, and thanked them kindly for their verdict. The general and his friends then left the court and started for their hotel. On reaching the street the party was heartily cheered by a great crowd congregated in front of the custom house, and almost everybody seemed well pleased at the result.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The friends of Gen. Babcock are rejoicing to-night over the verdict of acquittal. Intelligence of the result of the trial was telegraphed to the President and to Mrs. Babcock by Mr. Storrs of counsel for the accused. Mrs. Babcock in the course of the afternoon received numerous calls of congratulation, especially from her lady friends.

THE KILLING OF FEMALE BUFFALO.

Washington, February 23.—A bill was passed in the House to-day which will need Mr. Bergh and a corps of 50,000 or less to enforce it. It prohibits the killing of female buffalo in any of the Territories, by either white men or Indians, under a penalty of $100 for the first offense and $1,000 for the second offense. There is no doubt but that thousands of buffalo are slaughtered wantonly on the plains each year, many for the mere sport of killing the beasts and more to obtain the hides and tongues. The remainder of the carcass is left to rot on the ground. It is doubtful if any legislation can prevent an Indian from killing every buffalo that he can shoot, particularly the female, whose flesh and hide are considered the most valuable.

A GAUGE SHOWS THE PROFITS OF ILLEGITIMATE DISTILLING.

A correspondent of the Morristown Gazette, in Lee Valley, gives the following points from which the profits of the liquor traffic can readily be seen: "Perhaps a few items gleaned from an United States Gauger may interest some of your readers and contain some useful information. I have been assigned to the distillery of Col. William Greene, as United States Gauger since the 20th of last May, and will base my remarks on my knowledge of his operations. His distillery produces, on an average 24½ gallons proof spirits per day, the tax on which, at 90 cents per gallon, amounts to $20,25, Storekeeper's salary, Gauger's fees, and other expenses of collection, will amount to, say, $8,20, leaving $12 per day to the Government, or the neat little sum of $3,750 per year not profit to Uncle Sam on one small distillery.

The Profits.

"We will now take a glance at the distiller's profits. A good article of corn whiskey will sell readily at $2 per gallon, the distiller's share of which, after paying the tax, is $1,10 per gallon, which for one day's production would be $24,75. Deduct the expense for one day: First, the interest on his capital invested is not more than 50 cents; ten bushels of corn, the amount used each day, would be $4 at the current price; but half that can be saved by feeding the slop to hogs, so that we will put down $2 for corn; one and a half cords furnace wood at 50 cents will be 75 cents; three regular work-hands at 50 cents each, is $1,50; one practical distiller $1; allow $2,75 per day for boarding the hands, and we have a total of $8,50 expense; deduct this from $24,75, and it leaves a net profit of $16,25 to the distiller per day, or the very comfortable income of $4,986,25 per year in return for, say $1,000 invested and managed with anything like energy and judgment. These figures are correct, and will show your readers the difference between a legitimate, tax-paying enterprise, and the illicit, moonshine mode of distilling."

TURKEY.

Servia Ready for War.

Belgrade, February 24.—The Istok newspaper publishes an article declaring no Power can force Servia to be faithless to the Insurgents, or hold her back when the time comes for action. The Turks are pursuing a policy of deception. The Servian people, through Skuptschina, have declared in favor of war with the Turks. The popular voice must be heard. Servia must accomplish a sacred duty or succumb to moral death.

SPAIN.

The War Virtually Ended—Flight of Don Carlos.

Madrid, February 21.—Official bulletins announce that the Alfonsists captured twenty-three cannon in Estollo. The Carlists sacked the city before evacuation General Cazerta, with seven battalions and eleven field pieces, was routed near Vera by three Alfonsist battalions. It is reported Don Carlos has fled into Frace.

CHOICE FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS.
STRAWBERRIES & PEACHES,
NEW SORTS BY MAIL.

Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepaid by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best Collection, at the great show of the Mass. Horticultural Society, in Boston, last season. I grow nearly 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the Country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive Catalogue, gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens. 25 packets Flower or Garden Seeds, $1,00 by mail.

C. C. The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sort for Upland, Lowland, or Garden, by mail, prepaid. $1 per 100, $5 per 1,000 Wholesale Catalogue to the Trade. Agents Wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

A TRAGIC CHURCH PARTY.

Indianola, Iowa, Feb. 21.—Two families returning from church about eight miles northwest of this city, became involved in a quarrel last Saturday night. George and John Howery, brothers, aged respectively nineteen and twenty-two years, were stabbed and instantly killed. Their father and James Groom were fatally stabbed. The attacking party were Benjamin and Levi Westfall, Thomas Dillard, Jack Dillard, Frank Battle and Thomas Flanagan; all were armed. There has been a feud between these parties for a long time. The Westfall party are in jail awaiting examination.

PUBLISH YOUR DISSOLUTIONS.—The following item from the Huntingdon News shows the importance of publishing dissolution notices: "The many friends of M P. Doyle, the efficient pastor of the United Brethren church, of this place, sympathize with him and family in the deep financial affliction which has visited them. Mr. Doyle was a member, until recently, of the firm of Dever & Doyle, engaged in the milling business at Mt. Union, which failed a few weeks since. Before the failure, however, Mr. Doyle had withdrawn from the firm, but is now equally liable with his partner, because the notice of dissolution was not published."

The Delaware Lackawanna and Western railroad company has decided on narrowing the gauge of its roads. The change of guage will take effort on 600 miles of railroad and will necessitate taking apart 2,000 coal cars and shortening of all the trucks of the passenger cars now in use. The first work of the company will be to install 4,000 new coal and freight cars suited to the guage. This supplies the narrow guage road with rolling stock while the old cars are being taken apart. Practical railroad men say the change will save the company thirty per cent.

The Carlist battalions are in such a state of insubordination and mutiny that many of them are surrendering to the victorious Alfonsists, while others are escaping into France.

The Special Committee of the Louisiana Assembly on 26, reported articles of impeachment against Governor Kellogg. The subject has been postponed until Monday.

A number of visitors went to a Wisconsin cemetery to see a dog that was said to be watching faithfully over the grave of his dead master. When they got there he was seen chasing a brindle cat up an alley two blocks away.

Three men were shot in a row at a ball at Guadaloupe, Cal. One of them refused to stop dancing until a physician arrived, and then only long enough to have the bullet extracted from his back; but, upon trying to dance again, he fell and died.

The Luzerne county sportsman's club have ordered 1,000 quail from North Carolina, which they will distribute through the county for propagation.

A ten year old girl in Clearfield county, hurried up a kitchen fire by pouring oil on the wood. An explosion followed, and the girl was burned to death.

The Rev. T. M. Reese, presiding elder of the Altoona district, (M. E. church,) claims that there has been fifteen hundred converts to the Methodist faith in his district during the year 1875.

The board bill of the jury who tried Doyle, the murderer, amounted to $519. The Mauch Chunk Democrat thinks the case before it is through will cost Carbon about $20,000.

One hundred persons were admitted to membership in the Presbyterian church at Huntingdon, on Sunday morning last, the result of the revival in that church, which is still in progress.

Henry Henche, of Altoona, has been arrested in that city on the charge of embezzling funds of the United Brethren Mutual Insurance Co., of which he was formerly an agent. He entered bail for his appearance at next court.

A Pittsburg paper says: A man with three wives and twelve children attracted much attention on the Uniontown accommodation last evening. He was going west to start a tannery, with a view of cheapening shoes.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

The undersigned, administrators of the estate of R. W. Jamison, late of Juniata Co., deceased, will, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, expose the following described real estate, situate in Potter township, Centre county, to public sale, on the premises, at 2 o'clock p. m., on THURSDAY, MARCH, 23, 1876.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THREE ACRES

more or less, thereon erected a good FRAME HOUSE of large size, Bank Barn, and good outbuildings. The whole of this land is now under cultivation, and is an excellent quality of arable land. There is a good Apple Orchard on the premises, and also a fine assortment of other fruits

This land is eligibly situated, about one mile northeast of Potter's Bank, and in close proximity to churches, schools and stores.

Terms will be made known on day of sale. Further particulars can also be had by applying to D. S. Keller, attorney, Bellefonte

JOHN MOTZER,
LOUIS E ATKINSON,
Adm'rs.

mar 1

LEVI LONG'S SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale, 3 miles west of Madisonburg, MARCH the 10th on J. Aaron's farm, 3 Work Horses, 1 two yearling English draft Stallion, 1 yearling Colt 3 milk Cows, 4 head of young Cattle, Sheep, a large broad wheeled Wagon, 1 2 horse spring Wagon, 1 Excelsior Reaper and Mower, 1 set of Hay ladders, Threshing Machine, horse Power and Shaker, horse Gears, 1 Lancaster Drill, 1 Hay-rake, Plows, Harrows Cultivators, Forks, new Bob-sled, 1 Cook Stove with pipe. Sale to commence at 1 o clock.

LEUZELL & BRO. LEVI LONG.
Auctioneers. Feb 17 td.

SALE of JOS. K. MOYER.—There will be exposed at Public Sale, MARCH 16th, 1876, in Miles township, 1 mile west of Rebersburg, the entire farm stock of the subscriber, viz: Six good work Horses from 4 to 7 years old, 2 Colts, 1 2 year old and 1 yearling, 3 Milk Cows, 2 being fresh, young Cattle, Sheep, 1 Breeding Sow, 8 Shoats, 1 broad wheeled Wagon, 1 2 horse Wagon, 2 new spring Wagons, 2 Bob-Sleds, 1 Log Sled, 1 Tread Power Machine, Shaker and Strap,

REAPER & MOWER,

1 Hay-rake, 2 sett of Hay ladders, 1 large Cultivator, 1 Corn-Planter, 1 Cornscraper, 2 Corn Cultivators, 1 Steel-plow, 3 cast Plows, 2 double Harrows, 2 sett Yankee Harness, 1 sett light double Harness, 4 plow Gears, Bridles, Collars, Halters and Straps, Doubletrees, Singletrees, Logchains, Rakes and Forks, Hay by the Ton, a large double Reed Organ, and many other articles. One year Credit will be given. JOSEPH K. MOYER.
D. M. MORRIS, Auc. 17 feb td.

KERLIN'S VENDUE.—Will be sold at the residence of the subscriber, in the Loop, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH the 8th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following personal property, viz: 1 Breeding Mare, 1 Cow, 2 Bulls, 2 Heifers, springers, 1 2-horse Wagon, two Sleds, spring Wagon, Hay-ladders, five horse Power Threshing Machine and Shaker, Hay by the Ton, Plows, Harrows, 2 Log-chains, 2 Stoves and Pipe, Household and Kitchen Furniture, a lot of Oak and Pine Lumber, &c

TERMS will be made known at sale by
17 feb td PETER KERLIN.

KELLER BRO'S SALE!—Will be sold at Public Sale, at the residence of the subscribers, near Centre Hall, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15th. The following property, viz:

Two Breeding Mares with Foal,
One Driving Mare, one Two-Year Old Colt, two Yearling Colts, one
SIX YEAR OLD STALLION,
1 Breeding Sow with pig, 13 Head of Sheep, (South Down.) Two Milk Cows, 2 Heifers with calf, 1 yearling Bull, 4 head of cattle, one Plantation wagon, with bed and ladders, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 pair of bob-sleds, 2 Family sleds, 1 Top Buggy, 1 Stoner Drill, 1 Foote Cultivator, Corn Cultivators, Shovel-plows, Plows and Harrows, Single-trees, Double-trees, Chains, Hay-Fork, ropes and Pullies, Rakes and Forks, 1 Hay-rake, 2 Grain-cradles, 2 Mowing Scythes, one
REAPER AND MOWER,
Threshing Machine, Shaker and Strap, Horse Power and Jack, 1 Centre Hall Cornplanter, 2 setts Yankee Harness, 2 setts of Cruppers, Plow Gears, Collars, Bridles, 1 Double sett of Harness, 1 Single sett of Harness, 2 Strings of Sleigh-bell, 3 Cider Barrels, 1 Cross-cut Saw, 1 Copper Kettle, with Patent Stirrer, 1 Iron Kettle. Kitchen and Parlor Furniture, Carpet, Stoves, Stovepipe, Bedsteads, Corner Cupboard, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, when terms will be made known.

GEO. KOCH, C. C. KELLER,
Auctioneer. P. F. KELLER.

A GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

The Centennial History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the close of the First Century of American Independence. By James D. McCabe, Author of "Manual of General History," "The Great Republic," Etc., Etc.,

There has long been a great and universally felt want of a History of the United States suitable for general use. This want is now being supplied by the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, who have issued a handsome volume, "The Centennial History of the United States," by James D. McCabe, a well known historical writer. This work will, undoubtedly, take rank as the Standard History of the United States. It is no dry mass of details—no bombastic effort to inflame the national pride, but is a clear, vivid and connected narrative of the events of our history, from the discovery of the American Continent down to the present time. It traces the evidences of that mysterious race, the first occupants of our country, and gives a most interesting account of the Indians of North America, from the time of the coming of the white men. The voyages of Columbus, the explorations of the different nations of Europe and the final occupation and conquest of the land by England, are told with graphic power.

Every step of our colonial history is traced with patient fidelity, and the sources of those noble, and we trust, enduring institutions which have made our country free and great, are shown with remarkable clearness. The causes that led to the great struggle for Independence are told with a logical force and ability unsurpassed in any work of the day. Then follows a clear and full account of the formation of the Federal Constitution; the establishment of the United States Government in full operation, and the course of this infant nation, during the first years of the Second War with England; and a full and comprehensive account of that War and its results. The events of our career from the close of that contest to the commencement of the Civil War, follow in their order. The history of the Civil War is related with intense vigor, and with a strict fidelity to truth. The author pleaded the cause of no party or section. He states facts, points out the lessons which they teach, and appealing to neither passion nor political feeling, trusts to the good sense of his countrymen to sustain his views. The book contains an Appendix, giving an account of the approaching Centennial Exhibition.

It is comprised in one large, handsome octavo volume of 925 pages, and contains 1126 fine engravings on steel and wood of historical personages and scenes. The price is so low that all can afford to purchase a copy, and each subscriber is presented with a superb lithographic engraving of the Centennial Exhibition Buildings and grounds. It is sold by subscription only, and the publishers want agents in every county.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—*Thrilling experience of a resident of Cumberland county.*—One night recently, says the Harrisburg Patriot, Samuel Erb, residing near Oyster's mill, in East Pennsboro' township, on the opposite side of the river, had a thrilling adventure. He had been to church, and as he approached his house he was startled by a peculiar commotion in his chicken coop. On investigating the cause he discovered three men wringing the necks of his poultry. When the thieves saw him they ran away with their plunder, seeking shelter among some bushes. Mr. Erb, with his dog, pursued them, but a couple of shots from the thieves caused the dog to retreat. A correspondent of the Mechanicsburg Journal says: Mr Erb would gladly have followed his dog, but a pistol was presented to his breast with the admonition that his life depended on his silence and submission. His money and watch were demanded, reluctantly given. Mr. E now expected to be let go; but not so. The scoundrels discussed the propriety, and concluded that they would take his clothing. Mr. Erb was compelled to take off his overcoat, coat, pants—in short he was stripped to his shirt and drawers. Even his hat and boots were taken. In order to prevent Mr. E. giving the alarm too soon, they gagged him, by passing his suspenders through his mouth and buckling them back of his head His hands were tied on his back. He was then allowed to go home. The thieves also took their leave, going towards Harrisburg The feelings of Mr Erb can be easier imagined than described, as he walked home through the keen air. But his troubles were not yet over; for at his gate he was met by his dog, which had so cowardly deserted him; and though afraid of three black men with a pistol, he now gave unmistakable signs that he was not afraid of one white man with his arms pinioned. Failing to recognize his master, he kept barking and snapping through the pales at his legs. Mrs. Erb being aroused by the noise, looked out the window, and seeing his white figure dancing in the moonlight, thought it was a ghost, called to her father, Mr. Henry O. Boozer, who was staying with her at the time—who came armed with the shot gun and opening the door called off the dog. He then desired to know the mission of one in so strange attire. Never was man more willing to speak, or more unable than Mr Samuel Erb. So the only reply was a few nods of the head, accompanied by as many jumps with the feet. Mr. Boozer then brought his weapon to his shoulder and taking aim at the supposed ghost, demanded it to speak immediately or leave the premises. With this he coupled the promise that a failure to comply would cause him to fire. Mr. Erb was now in a great dilemma. Speak he could not. If he stayed he would be shot, and if he went away he would freeze. In fact he was nearly frozen already. He turned to go, and as he did so, his wife saw his arms were tied on his back. Telling her father this, that gentleman called to him to come back; but kept the gun pointed, saying as long as there was no evidence of hostility, there need be no fear. Mr. Erb tremblingly obeyed, and on drawing near was recognized and taken in and cared for. It was some time before Mr Erb could give an account of what he suffered during the last hour. He says the robbers were white men in disguise, and thinks there is no possibility of detecting them.

SIX CULPRITS TO BE HANGED.

Little Rock, Ark., February 23.—Six men, of whom four are Indians, one a negro and one white, have been condemned by the United States Court, and are to be executed at Fort Smith on the 21st of April next. There were six hanged at the same place on the 4th of September last.

Trial List for 2nd Week in March.

J H Sands vs Adolp Loeb
David Keller vs L C & S C R R Co
Thos Rhoades et ux vs J Wilkinson
W Harkins Adm'r vs Geo Durst
Jacob Bower vs John Bowersox
Reed Bros & Co vs John F Fowler
M M Musser vs A Stewart
H W Hoover et al vs C Sharrar
N J McCloskey vs Jno Confer
John Yothers et ux vs Aaron Meyer et al
W H Wortz vs H J Walker
1st Nat Bank of Bellfte vs B Lauth
C Derr vs Jas McMannus
A Stewart vs E C Humes
Herlacher & Durst vs S Musser
Glenn & Houser vs Lehigh V Fire Ins. co
F Robb vs McCloskey et al
B Valentine vs C Witmer
James Morrison vs J H Wagner

JURORS, 2ND WEEK MARCH.

Liberty—D W Herring, Jno Beckdal sr, C Holter.
Potter—Geo Rearick, Jno M'Coy, J Carson, Jer Dubs.
Huston—A Swisher.
Miles—S K Foust, J F Throne, H Cormac, J R Wolf.
Walker—Joel Tresser, Jac Lutz,
Haines—T Edmonds, Eman. Musser, H H Weaver.
Union—J G Hall, E Fisher A Thompson.
Benner—H Fishburn.
Bellefonte—H Harris, H H Benner.
Gregg—Wm Pealer, David Finkle.
Howard boro—D W Pletcher, C Diehl, H C Holter.
Boggs—H Glossner.
Harris—Arms. Jacob.
Spring—Isaac Davidson, J B Miller.
College—Luther Houser, Wm Seiler.
Marion—John Johnson.
Walker—D Dorman.

DR. A. J. ORNDORF.

DENTIST.

Is still located at Pine Grove Mills and is now prepared to travel to the homes of patients at a distance and render any desired service in his line, in the best manner, of best quality and at reasonable rates. Insertion of new dentures made a specialty. *Teeth extracted without pain.* 21 jan 76

BEATTY PIANO!

ENDORSED BY THE HIGHEST MUSICAL authorities throughout the world as THE BEST D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, J. D. SHUGERT
President, Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANK

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY 2, MAR 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLELAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——SALE BILLS printed at the Reporter office, from $2 up to $3 75 for the largest. All kinds of job work done with neatness and despatch. Orders by mail from any part of the county, promptly attended to. Give date and hour of sale and list of articles.

All justices of the peace elected on Tuesday 8, are required by law to notify the Prothonotary in writing of their acceptance of the position within thirty days

It is cheaper in the long run to get good Clothing, even at a high price; how much better to get it both good and at extremely low prices charged by Wanamaker & Brown, 6th and Market, Philadelphia.

——Dedication of the Reformed Church at Laurelton will take place on Sunday, Mar. 12, 1876.

——Deininger & Musser's marble-yard at Millheim, puts out work equal to that furnished by city yards. They have every variety of marble for monuments and tombstones, and a quarter of a century of experience in the business enables them to put the finest artistic skill upon all work sent out from their yards. Prices lower than at most marble-yards.

☞Subscribers who change their post office address this Spring should not fail to notify us, so that the Reporter can be mailed accordingly.

——A subscriber, W. K. G., writes us from Sunville, Venango co., Pa.: We have a Centre county bear here that was won by our old friend, G. K. Webber, at a shooting match down near Millheim, week before last. We have warm weather, plenty of mud, but no sleighing here this winter.

——We have had samples of flour manufactured by Mr. Van Ormer, manager of Campbell's mill, near Millheim, and found it double X. Mr. Van Ormer has always—and justly too—enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best millers in central Penn'a, and we see by the specimens of his flour sent us, that that reputation is bound to stick to him. Now if you wish good bread try some of this flour.

——In Gregg the following township officers were elected:

Constable—Reuben Kline. Supervisors—John B. Heckman, Geo. Homan. Poor Overseers—Jacob McCool, John B. Ream. School Directors—John Coldren, Sam'l J. Hering. Judge—Joseph Smith. Inspector—John F. Heckman, Wm. A. Fahrion. Assessor—P. J. Leitzel. Auditor—Jacob Reese 3 years, Henry Krumrein 2 years. Clerk—S. W. Runkle.

——You bail a boat to keep from sinking—bail a note and you're sure to go under. How opposite some actions are in their effects.

——At the recent spring election, Ferguson elected the following officers:

Justice, A. J. Orndorf; Constable, Jacob Keller; School directors, Jonathan Musser, James Smith, Christ Harpster; Supervisors, T. F. Patton, Rudolph Kreider; Poor Overseers, Wm. E. McWilliams, J. T. McCormick and Geo. Keichline tie; Assessor, T. G. Archey; Auditor, Samuel Harpster; Clerk, J. C. Sample.

——Jacob and Jeff. Stover, sons of And. Stover, dec'd, of Haines, have gone to Michigan to engage in farming.

——On Monday morning the ground was covered with a coat of ice and we had a vivid flash of lightning followed by a loud peal of thunder. Weather prophets say this is an indication of cold weather coming.

——Millowners, and all others needing casting of any description, should read the advertisement of Wm. P. Duncan & Co. They have the most complete foundry and machine shop in the central part of the state, and do work in first class manner.

——On Tuesday forenoon four or five stables were destroyed by fire at Bellefonte, among them the stable of H. Y. Stitzer, whose loss is about $800. The stables of C. M. Bower, John F. Potter, and McAlister were also burned.

——David Moyer, we are informed, will be the new landlord at Aaronsburg.——The walks on the west side of Centre Hall are still made of mud.——Read Sechler's advertisement.——Get a set of Dave Geise's stove shelves if you want a useful article.——The grain fields of Pennsylvaley have a promising look.——Get the best—subscribe for the Reporter.——A Singer sewing machine, in good running order for sale at the Reporter office.——Jas. A. Keller builds a new brick house next summer—ditto, J. O. Deininger.——The work in Paddy mountain tunnel is progressing at the rate of 8 feet per day from one side—the length will be 200 feet, of which 60 feet are opened, so a workman informs us.

For the Reporter.

People living in the vicinity of P. Ruble's mill, at Sinking creek, are now boasting of getting better family flour at Mr. Ruble's mill than they ever got heretofore at any mill. Mr. Ruble has a new miller, Franklin Runkle, in his employ, who can knock the spots off of any miller in Pennsvalley for making good flour, and if any one doubts the truth hereof, we would advise him to give Franklin a trial.

NEVER MIND.

Such a puff should bring us at least a sack of flour for trial. Ed.

The oldest man in Curtin township is Wm. Milles. He only lacks two years of being a hundred.

For the Reporter.

Report of Centre Hill school for the month ending Feb. 25.

Whole number of pupils in attendance during this (the 4th) month: Males, 29, Females, 17, total 46. Average attendance during the month: Males 25, Females 14, total 39. Percentage of Males 87, Females 83, total 85. The following named were present every day during the month viz: Preston Bollinger, John Larimer, David McClintic, Mollie Martze, Sevilla Breon, Seleita Breon Leander Larimer, Wm. Bible, Myra McClintic missed but one day, and a number of others missed but two days. W. KELLER, Teacher.

——The sale of the lots of S. S. Wolf, deceased, has been adjourned to Saturday, April 8, at 1 o'clock upon same terms as heretofore published. 4t

——The Silent Feed, for Millburrs, patented by R. B. Van Ormer, of Mifflintown, Pa. This Feeder is pronounced the best in the world, simple and no millowner should be without it. It has been tested and is perfection in every respect, so that no mill will be complete without the Silent Feeder. It can be seen in operation at Campbell's mill, near Millheim, where Mr. J. M. Van Ormer, brother of the above inventor, can be consulted as to the purchase of territory, etc. tf.

SALES.

Keller Bro's sale, near Centre Hall, March 15.

Jos. K. Moyer's sale, Miles tp., March 16.

M. G. Gray's sale, Ferguson, March 29.

Sale of Daniel Wolf, Haines tp. March 9, farm stock.

P. Kerlin's sale, Potter, March 8.

Levi Long's sale, Brushvalley, March 10.

S. H. Bailey's sale, Harris, March 16.

Sale of Jameson farm, in Potter, March 28.

Sa'e Jacob From, dec'd, 17 March.

Godey's Lady's Book for March has its usual store of good things for the ladies, plenty of reading for masculines which can be conned with profit, and page upon page for boys and girls to spend their leisure hours over.

INSTITUTE.

The Teachers of Harris twp, will hold a district Institute at Oak Hall, on Mar. 4. Teachers are invited to attend and take part in the exercises which will be as follows.

PROGRAMME.—Forenoon. Roll call, Reading minutes of previous meeting, Drill in grammar by Miss S. C. Keller followed by a discussion on grammar, stating the best method of teaching it, opened by G. W. Williams, Essay by Miss S. T. Barr; subject, school government. Discussion: Should other branches be taught in common school than those upon which we were examined, opened by A. D. Wirts. Afternoon. Roll call, Music, Class Drill in reading conducted by W. H. Foster, Discussion on reading opened by John Jacobs, Essay by Miss Norah Ossman, subject, How to prevent tardiness, Reading of the "Teachers Scrap Box," by the editor, E. H. Christie of State College. Debate, Resolved, That teachers are benefitted by attending our county Normal school, affirmative John Jacobs, Miss S. C. Keller, Negative, E. H. Christie, Miss. S. T. Barr. Discussion: Should a teacher retain pupils after school hours as a punishment for bad conduct or poor lessons, opened by A. D. Wirts, Select reading by G. W. Williams.

A. D. WIRTS, Cor. Sec.

——The musical Convention in Pine Grove last week was a complete success both musically and financially. The singers were mostly young, especially the soprano singers, and none were imported from other localities for the occasion; the music was new to all; the books used were the Choice and Living Waters, both very good books, and some of the music tolerably difficult, yet it was well performed; we believe all who were in attendance enjoyed the music very much. Occasions of this kind are a benefit to any community, In the first place they awaken an interest among the people favorable to the further cultivation of that heavenly science or art. In the second place they are promotive of greater sociability among all classes and should be encouraged by all good citizens and especially by church members and church going people. FERGUSON.

For the Reporter.

The following is the report of the Spring Mills School for the month ending Feb. 28 h, 1876:

Number of pupils in attendance, 60. Per cent of attendance, 77. The following pupils were present at each roll call: Minnie and Susan Baty. Susan Jamison, Alice Neese, Burdie Fetterolf, Mary Alexander, Harry Long, Harry Thomas, Frankey Jamison, Robt. Neese, Forster Fetterolf and Frank and Calvin Graden. A number of others missid but one day each. Best Deportment—Samuel Longwell. Best Progress—Mary Leitzel and Frankey Jamison. P. J. LEITZEL, Teacher.

——Mr. Sam'l F. Forster sold his farm near this place to John F. Potter, esq., at $85 per acre. Mr. Potter, intends to have this farm worked under his own management, and will pursue a plan different from the old style of farming. He will have all the inside fences removed, throwing all into one field—thus utilizing the waste land taken up by fences and saving the expense of fences and keeping them up. The stock upon the premises will be fed in the yards and not be turned out to pasture and roam over the land and harden it by tramping. Mr. Potter thinks of making a model farm of his purchase. May success attend his efforts.

The mother of Mr. Allen Faulkner, of Philipsburg, is one hundred years and three months old. She resides in New Hampshire.

Information is wanted by T. P. Love, Cottage, Huntingdon county, of John Hoffman, who has mysteriously disappeared.

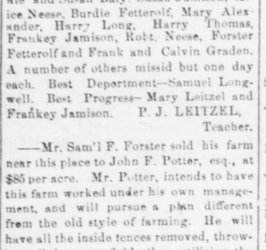
NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of R. F. Van Valzah, dec'd, are hereby notified to render satisfaction, on or before the 1st day of April next, as the business is to be closed.
2 Mar 3t. F. H. VAN VALZAH.

——JOHN S. MILLER, Tailor, of Millheim, is putting up the best of work and the public would do well to call upon him, as his prices and work suit the times. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have seen some of his work and find it equal to that of the best of tailors. One door east of Weiser's smith shop. 21 oct 6m.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Hannah Dauberman, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement. JOHN JORDAN,
J. S. DAUBERMAN,
17 feb. 6t. Executors.

FOR RENT:—The undersigned offers for rent a very fine Store Room & Dwelling House, at Sinking Creek Mills Potter twp., one mile west of Centre Hill. The stand is one of the best in the valley. For further particulars inquire of
PETER RUBLE,
10 feb 2m. Centre Hill, Pa.

THE COMPLETE WASHER!



The above cut represents the Complete Washer, fitted to a tub, with the tub cut out to show how it is fastened for use.

OVER 100,000 OF THESE MACHINES ARE IN USE.

The Complete Washer was patented, May 28, 1872, and since its introduction it has proved the

One Thing Needful.

THE COMPLETE WASHER WILL WASH A CARPET OR BED QUILT OR A **Fine Lace Curtain or Collar.**

It will wash clean any article that can be washed by hand in half the time and with half the labor It is

SO DURABLE

that the Manufacturers do not hesitate to Warrant it for Five Years. The Machines are Manufactured by F. F. ADAMS & CO., at Erie, Pa. *IT WILL*

SAVE ITS COST

in a short time, both in labor and wear of clothing. The machines can be seen at Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall, Pa.
17 feb tf.

RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES OF CENTRE COUNTY from Jan. 1st, 1875, to Jan. 1, 1876:

JOHN B. MITCHELL, Treasurer, of Centre county.

	DR	
Jan. 1, 1876.		
To outstanding taxes Jan 1, 1875	$29,304 45	
To amount assessed for 1875	34,691 51	
To amount received from commissioners Centre county.	5,440 08	
To amount received from Unseated Lands	3 30	
To amount received from redemption Unseated Lands.	92 30	
To am't proceeds Treasurer sale Unseated Lands	301 35	
To am't transferred from Military fund	94 91	
To am't balance due Treasurer	3,048 99—$82,976 89	
Jan. 1, 1876.	CR	
By amount balance Jan. 1, 1875	$ 6,126 31	
By am't outstanding tax's Jan 1, 1876.	37,937 96	
By am't warrants paid by Treasurer	34,385 97	
By am't transferred to atty's for collection	575 41	
By am't exonerations & commission allowed collectors...	2,141 24	
By am't stationery for Treasurers office	10 00	
By am't Treasurers salary	2,000 00—$82,976 89	
By bal. due Treas'r	$3,048 99	

JOHN B. MITCHELL, Treasurer, in account with Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

	DR	
Jan. 1, 1876.		
To am't outstanding taxes at last settlement	$5,442 78	
To am't assessed for 1875	3,806 80	
To am't received from commissioners Centre county.	3,571 62	
To amount charged back at last settlement	1,181 43—$14,002 63	
Jan. 1, 1876.	CR	
By amount bal. at last settlement	$1,024 06	
By am't outstanding Jan 1, 1876	5,618 13	
By am't State Treasurers receipts	5,200 83	
By am't transferred to atty's for collection	430 77	
By amount exonerations & commissions allowed collectors	369 34	
By amount bal. in hands of Treasurer	98 07	
To balance at settlement due State Jan. 1, 1876	1,160 83—$14,002 63	
		$1,160 83

MILITIA FUND.

	DR	
Jan 1, 1876.		
To am't outstanding taxes Jan 1, 1875	$366 76—	$366 76
Jan 1, 1876.	CR	
By am't outstanding taxes Jan 1, 1876	$134 88	
By am't transferred to atty's for collection	85 56	
By am't exonerations & commissions allowed collectors	46 42	
By am't Treasurer's commissions	4 99—	$366 76

RELIEF FUND.

	DR.	
Jan 1, 1876		
To am't outstanding at last settlement	$26 15—	$26 15
Jan 1, 1876	CR	
By amount transferred to attorney for collection	$26 15—	$26 15

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Centre county, do hereby certify that we have examined the above accounts of John B. Mitchell, Treasurer of said county, and find them correct.

Witness our hands and seals this 5th day of January, A. D. 1876.

WM. McFARLANE, [Seal,]
A. J. GRIEST, [Seal,] } Aud'rs
J. M. GILLILAND, [Seal.]

EXPENDITURES.

Commissioners Pay.

A. C. Hinton on account of service	$	767 53
S Gramley on account of service		281 85
J N Hall on account of service		484 00—$ 1,533 38
Commissioners Clerk.		
R H Forster for services	$	625 18
J. S. Barnhart " "		569 69—$ 1,224 87
Jury Commissioners.		
M Grove for services	$	33 25
B Liggett on account of services		3 78
R H Forster services as clerk 1874		80 00
R H Forster services as clerk 1875		40 00
J S Barnhart services as clerk 1875		40 00—$ 197 03
County Auditors.		
A J Griest for services	$	30 00
S Frank " "		30 00
A Resrick " "		30 00
Jas F Weaver for services as clerk		25 00—$ 115 00
Improvement & Repairs.		
Galbraith & White plumbing at jail	$	19 40
Dan l Derr repairs at gas fixtures		14 13
Wilson & Hicks stoves & hardware		99 88
Jno D Lieb lumber for C House		41 46
H Hoffman work at C. H. and jail		63 54
J & J Harris hardware for C House		18 88
J McDermot repairs at C H steps & jail		51 50
Jno Mallory repairs at C H and jail		13 50
A Sussman matting C H		75 99
W W Wetzler spouting at C H		65 73
B Galbraith repairs at C H		14 00
W S Galbraith plumbing at jail		5 00
R J Doak for work at arb. room and offices		61 05
Bellefonte Car Co. lumber C H		15 79
W S Wolf & Son for stove pipe		1 92
John Bradley repairs to gas lamp post and lamp		6 25—$ 568 02
Ordinary Expenses.		
Nora McAllister washing for prisoners	$	94 50
Rob M Knight gas for C H and jail		283 20
J R & C T Alexander coal for C H and jail		566 22
J H Dobbins for medical service for prisoners 1874		90 00
J H Dobbins for medical service for prisoners 1875		65 00
J Zeller & Son medicine for prisoners		3 90
J C Williams medicine for prisoners		6 40
B Galbraith on acc't services as janitor.		340 00
D S Keller for Agricultural Society		100 00
Western Peniten'y keeping convicts		415 16
Insane hospital Danville for insane		1,509 09
Jurors pay		4,549 73
Assessors for assessing & registering.		2,104 82
Road views		265 69
Election expenses		1,731 07
Refunding Unseated Land		161 93
Redemption "		180 75
refunding taxes overpaid		219 77
Constables pay		326 71
Tipstaves pay		228 61
B Galbraith Court crier		122 06
J H Vosburg Court reporter		510 00
Insurance on public buildings		169 00
Bridge views		13 66
County bridges		578 55
State tax paid		3,571 62
Commission on collections		99 18
commissioners notes paid		1,896 50
Interest on notes & bonds		2,720 39
Commission on Lunacy		19 23
Commonwealth costs paid		3,717 35
Scalp premiums		782 70
Teachers institute		155 54
Premiums paid collectors		40 00
Inqueston dead bodies		56 08
Aaron Williams Prothonotary bill rendered		321 60
J S Barnhart counsel fee & com. 1873		72 26
A O Furst att'y fee Penn tp. road case		30 00
Sam'l Brugger plans & specifications for bridges		35 00
A O Furst att'y fee defence jury com.		50 00
McAllister & Beaver att'y fee detence jury com		50 00
D F Hortney att'y fee com. v s L Gonier		20 00
W J Kelsh att'y fee com. v s Creecy		5 00
G W Spangler examining Potter tp. assess. book		4 00
Sam'l Gilliland expense dividing Ferguson twp		9 20
S T Gray expense dividing Ferguson twp		15 00
N J Mitchell expense running line Howard & Boggs.		26 50
D Z Kline expense running line Howard & Boggs		8 90
Lyon & Co. mdse. for prisoners		2 8
B F Shaffer on acc't Adams Express Co. freight on stove		200 00
To balance due B. F. Shaffer at settlement		2,004 13
To balance due A. Hinton commissioner service		49 47
To balance due Gramley commissioner service		305 65
To balance due J. N. Hall commissioner service		8 00
To balance due com. clerk		48 89
To balance B Galbraith janitor		200 00
To F Kurtz, printing		74 00
To balance Dr. J. H. Dobbins medical service		55 00
To balance		76 89—$51,226 36
Jan 1 1876.	CR	
By amount outstanding taxes	$43,690 93	
By amount outstanding taxes unseated Lands	4,500 00	
By amount notes held by commissioners	570 00	
By amount in hands of officers for col.	1,915 89	
By am't due from boro's & townships for keeping insane in asylums	558 50—$51,235 32	
By bal in favor county Jan 1, 1876	$76 89	

The following amounts have been paid in by collectors since settlement:

1871		
John Minich, Gregg	Paid in full	
Joseph Shaffer, Walker	$	205 91
1872		
Thos Marshall, Benner		7 27
1873		
L C Rarick, Marion		55 00
Dan'l Malone, Boggs		92 03
Albert Hoy, Ferguson	Paid in full	
Wm Riddles, Philipsburg		175 00
1874		
G W McWilliams, Ferguson		95 00
David Lohr, Benner		3 05
Joseph Ross, Spring		200 00
Elias Turner, Worth		20 00
John McIlvain, Howard boro		20 00
Michael Shaffer, Walker		27 22
F Kirchoff, Curtin		25 00
R B Poorman, Boggs		105 00
W W Spangler, Liberty		47 25
Perry Condo, Marion		194 92
S B Wilson, Harris		128 77
Joseph Fox, Bellefonte		451 99
W T Leathers, Howard		25 00
Wm Cross, Halfmoon		74 24
1875		
Thomas Hosterman, Haines	Paid in full	
Michael Hess, Harris		1,057 00
John Sweeny, Spring		547 00
Jesse Swartz, Walker		460 52
Wm Tressler, Patton		183 40
D W Kline, Huston		95 00
J H Griffin, Halfmoon		160 00
A Harter, Penn		500 00
John M. Kline, Howard		125 68
R Smull, Miles		356 42
H E Duck, Gregg		1,527 80
W A Allison, jr., Howard boro		58 00
Philip Williams, Werth		62 00
James Watson, Snow Shoe		64 36
Sam'l Hoover, Taylor		50 00
J M Gilliland, Potter		1,726 80
David Krebs, Ferguson		851 72
John T Lucas, Curtin		45 00
A J Tate, Benner		795 00
C Brown, Bellefonte		165 00
J P Shope, Milesburg		44 65
Wm Spotts, Union		50 00
E M Lucas, Unionville		36 00

A candidate for Quebec Centre, in Canada, has to answer for a remarkable act of personal corruption—giving a voter gratuitously a dose of sennaand salts with a view to influence his vote.

A long-haired young man recently joined the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and was much surprised when, on handing in his first article, Mr. McLean seized a club and drove him down stairs. The unfortunate youth had begun a sentence, "To resume,

West Hebron, Washington County, has a clergyman who, when a couple called on him on Saturday night to be married, told them to go home, live as husband and wife, and make their appearance at church next day and then come to him on Monday and he would marry them. They did and he did.

A ten year old daughter of David Walker, of Morris township, Clearfield county, was burned to death one day last week by attempting to light a fire with coal oil.

MARRIAGES.

On Feb. 24, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, at the home of the bride's father, Miss Anetta Zeitle to Mr. Harvey Vanada, both of Georges Valley.

On the 22nd inst, at the house of Mr. John Dauberman, by Rev. M. Sloat, Mr. Williams H. Lucas, to Miss Florance V. Toner, both of Potter twp.

DEATHS.

On 27, in Harris twp., Sarah, wife of Jonathan Tressler, aged 73 years.

On 24 ult. at Millheim, Jane, wife of George Ulrick, aged 26 years and 11 months.

MARKETS.

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire,

Wheat $1 20.
Clover Seed $7 00 to $7 50.
Beef $5 to $6,50 per 100 lbs.
Corn 45
Rye 65c
Soft Nova Scotia Plaster $8; ground $10 per ton.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 20 Red 115.....Rye 80
new Corn 45 old 60. Oats 30—Barley 90.
70.....Clo'erseed 5,50.....Potatoes 30
Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06.
Butter 20.....Eggs 15.....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15
Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00...
Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER.
7 oct y

——The celebrated Australian Diamond Pebble spectacles, are superior to the ordinary glass spectacle, affording relief to the eyes, and suited for all ages, are sold by M. Straus, Bellefonte, Pa. 16dec3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob From late of Centre Hall, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
JOHN SHANNON,
Feb 3 6t Admr.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES! AT

Wolf's Old Stand.

Largest Stock of Goods in the Valley!

ONE PRICE! LOW PRICE!

POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

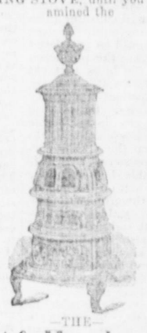
Good Cassimere Suits, $10 00
Good Cassimere Coats, $5 00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone.

WM. WOLF.

Don't Buy
A
HARD COAL BASE BURNER
HEATING STOVE, until you have examined the



—THE—

Best & Handsomest

STOVE IN THE MARKET.

Call and see them at the Store of
J. A. REESMAN,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP IS THE "BEST."

This Soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bathroom, and for general household purposes; also, for Erinters, Painters, Engineers, and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc., from the hands, Manufactured only by
CRAMPTON BROTHERS,
2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street, New York.
For sale at Philadelphia, by KOONS & RUOFF, 202 North Delaware Avenue, and by grocers generally, and at Sechler's grocery. Nov 11. 6m.

Simon Haines,
CENTRE HALL.

Manufacturer of
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Of every description; running gear for all kinds of vehicles, made to order, and in first class manner. Being a practical mechanic, I would WARRANT ALL WORK to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to at the lowest rates.

Undertaking,

Coffins of all styles

made on shortest notice. The business of undertaking attended to in all its branches. Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. 9 sept y

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVE
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.

Pennsvalley Banking Co.

CENTRE HALL, PA
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Note
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons
PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

BEATTY PIANO!

THE BEST IN USE. ☞Send stamp for Circular. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

W. A. CURRY,
Boot & Shoe Maker,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 18 1y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Hosterman, late of Potter twp., dec'd having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decendent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement
E. B. HOSTERMAN,
27 Jan 6t. Adm'r.

JOHN F. ALEXANDER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity. Consultation in English or German. Has a full line of instruments for extracting teeth, Office and residence in the Luth. parsonage. 27feb tf

'76 Centennial. '76

FURNITURE.

GREAT Reduction in Prices.

Now is the time to buy, as I have on hand a large Stock I will offer it at panic prices for the next SIXTY DAYS FOR CASH,

Cheaper than it can be bought Elsewhere.

which a few of the following prices will show: Cane Seat Chairs as low as $7.00. Wood Seat Chairs $6.00 and upward; Bedsteads $3 50 to $13 00. A good Bureau for $11.00. Chamber Suits, Extension Tables, Bookcases, and all other Furniture in proportion to the above prices. Please call and examine our work.
JOHN CAMP,
6 jan 2m. Milroy.

C. PECK'S
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

'76. A National Family Paper. '76

The Great Family Paper of America, the only paper exposing every swindler, quack and humbug, and saving millions to the public, is now made a '76 Centennial campaign, and 100,000 more delighted subscribers.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Is a large, eight page, 40-column paper, Ledger size, overflowing with charming Stories, Tales, sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor and Fun. It gives all new Inventions, Rights, Secrets, Arts, &c., &c., has a Children's Department, a Medical Department, Farmer's Corner, &c., &c., and is a perfect Family Paper.

Humbugs Its specialty is to expose every Fraud, Swindle, Quack, Swindler, and "Bogus" that the great number has five columns of truthful, reliable statements. No sawdust, lottery, gift, book, or "put and sell" game on it or "stick" you in it. If you read this great paper. It exposes all swindlers without fear or favor and gives a list of over 1500, with names and names."

It Costs But 75 cents a year, and is sent prepaid to every home, Southern or Northern. It is not political, religious or sectarian. It waves for all. Started in 1865, it has gone on for 10 years, and is read by 100,000 people. You want it and will have it some time. Why not now? We have imported it

Elegant Chromos. Splendid French Chromos (worth $1 each), size 9x11 inches, finely mounted, and offer any four of these gems and BANNER a full year all free, for $1. These are genuine chromos suitable for any parlor, and other premiums offered.

A Last Word. Reader, remember 1876 is our country's centennial. During this one year do take a National, patriotic, wide awake paper, one that is for Right and against wrong one that knows exactly, no matter, south east or west; but a paper intended for every reader one that saves money to its readers by exposing the "tricks and frauds" of swindlers, and now is the time. You have put it off too long. Send to-day. Now is the accepted time.

See. Only 75 cents secures this great paper a year. Ten cents sent for 15 cents. Specimens (double sheet) sent free to all. Send for it now. Costs nothing to see it. Send to-day to BANNER PUBLISHING CO., Bloomfield, N. H. dec. 16 e o w

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Bush & Yocum. Consultation in English and German. Collections promptly attended to. 1066-tf

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND

Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of

NEW GOODS,

OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of Ladics Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled

His Grocery Department,

Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.

☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.

☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
3loct tf MILLER & SON.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite Bush House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

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Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER.

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

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Drug Store,

(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)

FRESH AND CHEAP

Apr 22.

BEATTY PIANO.

WEIGHS WHEN BOXED OVER

TULIPS.

"Of all the flowers, which shall it be?"
Said Kitty wandering by my side.
"Behold! of all my garden's pride
I'd choose a flower to give to thee."

I answered little Kitty then
"Your blossoms are for children sweet;
The flowers that grow about our feet,
They wither in the hands of men.

"The rose I love is on your cheek;
The lily on your forehead lies;
Oh, tell me, child with loving eyes,
The flowers are mine that I would seek."

The little head is drooping low
To hide a soft and rosy flush;
And seeing there the crimson blush,
More ardent still my wishes grow.

"One other flower may I possess?
Sweet, tulips yield a deeper bliss."
When, softly fluttering 'neath a kiss,
Their rosy trembling whispers "Yes."

What Does the Army Do?

From our active Army the great West receives 17,077 men, or nearly 80 per cent. The entire line of the seacoast and northern boundary east of the great lakes, a line probably 11,000 miles long, is occupied by 5,371 men. This line contains the numerous and costly works built to prevent the occupation of the country by a foreign enemy, 40 in number, and therefore garrisoned by about 130 men each. This distribution of the Army is a sufficient answer to the charges which have occasionally been made, of a military occupation of the South in the interests of a political party. A military force of 3,327 men, distributed mainly on the seacoast and in mountain districts, in 33 detached posts, cannot be considered a formidable demonstration toward States which contain a population of 10,632,162 persons. Assertions like these are mere snarls which show how completely the Army question is stripped of all entangling complications, and how wide must be the search that can discover any argument tor its reduction but the argument of cost.

In fact the Army finds its work in the South almost as laborious as at the frontier posts, and without the compensation which real military operations afford the soldier. "Still hunting," or the breaking up of illicit distilleries, is one of its principal occupations, for the troops stationed at posts in the interior are in fact in the service of the Treasury Department. This is constabulary work, and though it is faithfully performed, it is offensive both to officers and men. But it is a duty that cannot be shirked, and if the military force is reduced beyond a certain point, the Government will be compelled to supply its place with a civil constabulary. Such a measure would probably be more unpopular than a partial disbandment would be popular.

Here we are brought to the question which is the foremost one that is embodied in all this discussion of Army reduction. Is the Army larger than is needed? When that is answered the question of a more economical management will be in place. To reach a decision we must first survey the work imposed upon the force, and we shall find the active Army distributed about as follows:

1. On the Pacific coast	1,673
2. On the Northern frontier	2,709
3. On the Atlantic coast	1,805
4. On the Gulf coast	187
5. On the Mexican frontier	3,235
6. In the Western Interior	10,862
7. In the Southern Interior	2,864
8. En route to various points	60
	22,408
9. Recruits	1,502
	24,011

The remainder of the force under pay is employed in service which removes it from the "active force," as here distinguished. It is:

Military Academy	298
West Point detachments	220
Signal Service	455
Retired	1,309
Unaccounted for (mainly staff)	627
	25,910

Market in a Small Spanish Town.

The market was held in a tiny, open, oval space in front of the church, and under the shade of two crumbling old houses, which had once, as the heavy coats-of-arms over their portals showed, been the *casas* of some good Spanish family. The market consisted of two stalls; on one lay the *bunuelos*, or oil-cakes, the operation of frying being then and there carried on by the vendor, and a few round cakes of bread; on the other lay a few shapeless lumps of pork and a basket of salted sardines—this last, fried in oil, being almost the *piece de resistance* of every meal of the Spanish poor. As in every Spanish market, the marked feature was the abundance of succulent, savory vegetables from the few neighboring irrigated gardens. The Spaniard, whether rich or poor, is a vegetarian; vegetables and fruit form the staple of his diet. The vegetables were piled on the ground in heaps, the women squatting on a rug behind them, the scales lying close at hand. Here were bright carrots and turnips; here small, green onions, fresh and juicy onions, and garlic; here cow-cabbages of fabulous size; here huge *calavasos*, or pumpkins, with a skin like the bark of a gnarled oak-tree, and sold in lumps of one pound each for two farthings, the rich deep orange of the flesh looking quite luscious; here lay a heap of the enormous, but tender *duravanos*, or radishes, of Spain; on a heap of fine potatoes, and the bright-colored *pimientos*, or capsicums. The scene was striking for its simplicity; even the gentlemen of the town were there, draped in their abundant *capotes*, or *capas*, carrying home their tiny bit of meat and their wealth of vegetables for the day's consumption. A few words were exchanged here and there, but the *plaza* was soon stripped of its wealth, and as the last onion was carried off in triumph, "clang, clang," went the bell from the old church tower above us, and we, with some half dozen ladies, in deep mourning, and five or six men, went in to join the early *misa*, and ask for a blessing on the day that lay before us.—*Temple Bar.*

A Heidelberg Sunset.

"While in Heidelberg," says a recent writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "we walked one evening up to the imposing ruins of the old castle, and during the hour that every one else was fascinated by the music in the concert grounds, we strolled down the terrace that overlooks the old city, gray with age and teeming with historic reminiscences. The Neckar flowing down between the Konigsthal and the Heiligenberg, the hills covered with vineyards, the curious old bridge, the red-tiled roofs, and the church spires were all glistening in the rays of the sun. As the god of day gradually sank below the horizon there came a soft atmospheric haze over the scene that would have delighted the heart of Claude Lorraine, and which is often found in the lights and shadows of his landscapes. The sky changed from a golden yellow to so brilliant a crimson that no preparation of cinnabar could have reproduced it, unless it be the carmine prepared by Madame Cenetta, of Amsterdam, of so brilliant a hue that it is painful to the naked eye. Twice, while among the Alps, we had the pure Alpine glow so vivid and intense that the whole world seemed clothed in crimson fire, but in no country have we ever witnessed a scene so grand as the one that lay before us. It was a vision of enchantment."

The Woman's World.

Although they may not be willing to acknowledge it, the happiness of the race depends to a great extent upon women. They regulate the domestic life, and upon it, more than upon the great events which fill the pages of history, depend individual peace and comfort. Probably few things have more to do with the happiness of a household than the presence or absence of that exquisite tact which rounds the sharp corners, and softens the asperities of different characters, enabling people differing most widely to live together in peace, cheered by mutual good offices. The possession of this quality is the especial characteristic, and its exercise one of the most delightful prerogatives of womanhood. We may be willing to lose all, to die, if need be, for those we love, but if we do not, from day to day, abstain from the little unkind or thoughtless acts which interfere with their comfort, we shall utterly fail to make them happy, and their hearts will inevitably escape us. The heroic and magnificent acts of life are few. To many but one, to most none comes in a life-time. Therefore influence can only come through the right performance of the "trifles" which "make the sum of human things."

The Fables of Zambri, the Parsee.

(Translated from the Persian, by Dod Grile, in "London Fun.")

I.

An author who had wrought a book of Fables (the merit whereof transcended expression) was peacefully sleeping atop of the modest eminence to which he had attained, when he was rudely awakened by a throng of critics, emitting adverse judgment upon the tales he had builded.

"Apparently," said he, "I have been guilty of some small grains of unconsidered wisdom, and the same have proven a bitterness to these excellent folk, the which they will not abide.

Ah! well, those who produced the Strasbourg *pate* and the feather-pillow are prone to regard us as rival creators. I presume it is in course of nature for him who grows the pen to censure the manner of its use."

So speaking he executed a smile a hand's-breadth in extent, and resumed his airy dream of dropping ducats.

MORAL: As above.

II.

"What have you there on your back?" said a zebra, jeeringly, to a ship of the desert" in ballast.

"Only a bale of gridirons," was the meek reply.

"And what, pray, may you design doing with them?" was the incredulous rejoinder.

"What am I going to do with gridirons?" repeated the camel, contemptuously. "Nice question for you—who have evidently come off one!"

People who wish to throw stones should not live in glass houses; but there ought to be a few in their vicinity.

III.

A man pursued by a lion was about stepping into a place of safety, when he bethought him of the power of the human eye; and, turning about, he fixed upon his pursuer a steady look of stern reproof. The raging beast immediately moderated his rate per hour, and finally came to a dead halt within a yard of the man's nose. After making a leisurely survey of him, he extended his neck and bit off a small section of the victim's thigh.

"Beard of Arimanes?" roared the man; "have you no respect for the Human Eye?"

"I hold the human eye in profound esteem," replied the lion, "and I confess its power. It assists digestion if taken just before a meal. But I don't understand why you should have two and I none."

With that he raised his foot, unsheathed his claws, and transferred one of the gentleman's visual organs to his own mouth.

"Now," continued he, "during the brief remainder of a squandered existence, your lion-quelling power being more highly concentrated, will be more easily managed."

He then devoured the remnant of his victim, including the other eye.

This tale seems to imply the falsity of certain accepted beliefs. It is, therefore, insulting.—*Translator.*

IV.

An ant laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is the etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid down his burden, sat upon it, folded all his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of great grimness.

"Hullo! What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the rasping reply. "Relapsed into the honest simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property, you know. These are 'hollow conventionalities.'"

A light dawned upon the intellect of that primrose. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal, and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his friends and neighbors, and went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.

Nevertheless, this fable does *not* teach that social observances are always—or even commonly—grounded in good sense. If it did, that would make it true.

V.

A snake who had lain torpid all winter in his hole took advantage of the first warm day to limber up for the spring campaign. Having tied himself into an intricate knot, he was so overcome by the warmth of his own body that he fell asleep, and did not wake until nightfall. In the darkness he was unable to find his head or his tail, and so could not disentangle and slide into his hole. Per consequence, he froze to death.

Many a suitable philosopher has failed to solve that knotty problem, himself, owing to his inability to discern his beginning and his end.

Teaching Children to Talk.

In the vocabulary of educated and highly cultivated people, the number of words in ordinary use ranges from 2,000 to 3,000, and, in rare cases, to 4,000 words. The ignorant require but a few hundreds to express all they have to say, and as they rise in the scale of culture, they add constantly to their vocabulary new terms to express new ideas.

When one who by much study, various readings, and many turnings of the lexicon has acquired a fair knowledge of his mother tongue, and, with this in mind, takes up his little four-year-old and begins to teach him the rudiments of the language, it does seem that the youngster has entered on a long and weary way. Through how many hours of slow plodding in primer and reader, in speller and definer, must he pass, and how many books must he read, before the words to which he has been thus introduced will have lively and ready meaning for him, and before he will attain sufficient mental development to comprehend them! It is not desirable that the labor of acquisition should be entirely relieved, that the child should come into the inheritance of a noble and beautiful language without any effort of his own, for this very effort is essential to his intellectual growth. Nevertheless, if his parents and teachers shall manage judiciously, the little student may be spared a large share of the labor ordinarily involved, and occupy himself, instead, with the pleasant gathering of spoils in fields already near. The narrow routine of school life permits pupils to learn little more than the rudiments of expression—merely the names and uses of tools, not skill in using them. This they can acquire only by free conversation at home and in society. If they hear in constant and appropriate use from their elders the hard words they spell and define at school, unconsciously these words will pass into the texture of their thoughts and on fitting occasions drop from their tongues. Nay, more than this; if they are accustomed to hearing the best language at the fireside and in the nursery, they will be prepared, by a partial familiarity with the higher forms of expression, to execute their tasks at school with a readiness and success that otherwise they could not possibly command. Every discerning teacher can see in the pupil just the grade and amount of intelligence in the home of which the pupil is the representative, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it will be found that the premium scholar comes from the refined and cultivated household, and that the parent far more than the teacher deserves the credit for the honor his child has won. Long before children understand the technical meaning of a vast number of words, they can gather from the manner in which they are used a tolerably correct idea of their significance, so that a child of ten, who might not be able to define the words used in conversation by his elders in the social circle, would yet gather from that conversation a great many ideas, vague in a degree, but ever growing clearer and more definite, until, by and by, he would without effort express them in the phrase he has been accustomed to hear. For this reason it is an admirable plan to permit children to be silent listeners at the table and in the parlor when guests are present and intelligent conversation is going on.

Inquisitiveness is so marked a characteristic of mental activity in a child that, with the slightest encouragement in that direction, the little one will begin at a very early age to ask the meaning of words. Every question of this sort should be answered in such a way as to invite unlimited recurrence of such reachings out toward knowledge. As has been already intimated, the more familiar a child can be made with the sound and meaning of words it is to meet and wrestle with in the speller and reader, the easier will be its conquest of the drudgery which makes the first years of school life so monotonous and wearisome. A very good method of introducing children to an acquaintance with the finest expression is to take some story, as the Lady of the Lake, or Evangeline, and, choosing one or two stanzas at a time, read it over to the child, explaining the meaning of the words used, and then, in the simplest language, giving a free translation. In this way many of the poems of Milton and Scott and the plays of Shakespeare may be made to afford infinite pleasure and instruction to children scarcely able to read, and a taste may be formed, even in childhood, for the higher styles of literature. This taste, once formed, it will be easy enough to develop and confirm. It is not desirable that children should talk like "grown folks," but nothing else than good can come to them from hearing their mother-tongue spoken with perfect pronunciation, with grammatical purity, with an exact and nice use of the meaning of words. Cicero says that the finest of the Roman orators learned to speak the Latin tongue in their cradles, from their mothers, and that they were so instructed from infancy in the arts of perfect pronunciation and elegant utterance that in maturity they had nothing to unlearn, and could by no lapses fall into vulgar or incorrect expression.

Tales from Bologna.

Bologna is full of beautiful stories. There is that of King Hensius, or Enzio. I remember reading in an old annual, many years ago, this story, told by Mrs Norton. I think the very gilt edges of the precious volume trailed in my memory as I entered a grand room in the Palazzo del Podesta, and was told that here poor King Enzio was a captive for twenty-two years.

Enzio was the natural son of the Emperor Frederic II. He led a Ghibelline army against Bologna, was taken prisoner in 1249, and kept in confinement for the rest of his life; but love laughed at locksmiths in his, as in many cases. The priest who came to confess the royal prisoner was accompanied by a beautiful boy, who brought wine and fruit, and who begged to be allowed to remain as his page. King Enzio had a fever, and in one of his delirious moments he imagined that the page took off his cap and allowed to flow down some long golden hair. Perhaps instead of being delirious he was gaining his senses. Certainly the page was a wonderful nurse. King Enzio was sorry to recover, but finally he was well enough to sit up at the window and look out at the glorious view of the Apennines. The poor fellow was allowed that he was a prisoner, and wept bitterly. He heard a sobbing behind him; it was the page, sadly sympathetic. "See, boy, this great beautiful world which I can enjoy no longer. Life, love, and liberty—all, all are taken from me." Then the beautiful Lucia Vendagoli, alias the page, let down all her back hair, and throwing herself on his bosom, asked if love would console him. No one knows what King Enzio replied, but the good priest coming in opportunely, married them on the spot. For the long years of his imprisonment this noble creature lived and wrought for the King Enzio. She baffled magistrates and jailers, and carried to him whatever of comfort and solace his life thereafter knew.

He left some beautiful verses in her honor, and the noble family of the Bentivoglio are proud to claim descent from Lucia Vendagoli. May they not owe their name, which being translated meaneth "I wish thee well," to the whispered adieu of their royal ancestor, as Lucia crept away from many an interview fraught with danger?

Another and a sadder story is that of Properzia de Rossi, called the Sappho of Bologna. This woman was a poet, a sculptor, a painter, musician, and engraver. Bologna is full of her works now, bearing the marks of genius every one of them. She madly loved a handsome man who did not care for her, and died of a broken heart. The great Pope Clement VII. expressed a wish to take her to Rome with him, so much did he admire her works in the church of San Petronio. "The church holds only her dead body," said a monk to his Holiness. She died that day.

The imposing Basilica of San Petronio contains some angels painted by this gifted and extraordinary woman. Her bust, sculptured by herself, is over one of the doors. Her story adds another to the many bearing this legend; "A woman of genius is seldom a happy woman. Happy they who have no history."—*The Galaxy.*

Hot Pudding.

The students in one of our colleges being frequently annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a Professor, who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush, otherwise called hasty pudding, and by the time it was boiled, had seated themselves around the table in the attitude of card-playing, waiting patiently for the well-known step of the Professor. It was no sooner heard than a large outside pocket of one of them was forthwith filled with hot hasty pudding and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor had opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush, made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and with another motion, apparently put them into the pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed, as they were intended to be, by the Professor, who, considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with the following:

"Well, young gentlemen, I've caught you at it at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir; we are all here."

"So I see you are, and you have been playing cards, too."

"No, sir, it's not so."

"It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young man?"

"Hot hasty pudding, sir."

"Hot hasty pudding, ha? Hasty pudding, have you? I'll hasty pudding you," said the Professor, at the same time thrusting his hand, half-way to the elbow, in the hot hasty pudding.

The dolorous looks, the shaking of fingers, the groanings, and capers of the Professor, are better imagined than described.

An Expensive Breakfast.

Long years ago, way back to 1814, when our wives, sisters, and sweethearts wore calico dresses, the material of which was cheap, and made for seven yards, and it cost as many shillings, three young men of capital and high standing, named Strong, Bell, and Sedgwick, indulged in a night's debauch at a hotel in Northampton Mass. In the morning they summoned the landlord to their presence, and ordered a breakfast, which they stated must be the most expensive that had ever been given in the State. The principal dish ordered was ham and eggs, of which they would go to the kitchen and superintend personally, the cooking. When the fat was hot, they each deposited in it their gold watches, chains, lockets, and signet rings, which were fried with the ham and eggs. The cost of the jewelry alone was at least $1,500. All of the parties are dead now, but they lived long enough to know the folly of their foolish extravagance. Capitalists of our day are more prudent with their money, while the ladies have grown more extravagant.

How to Kill Time.

First catch your time—by the forelock, if possible; then hold him tight; then pinch him well; then give him one for his nob, and let the one be a good one; then knock him down; then kick him from the rear; then make faces at him; then pull his nose; then sit on his head: then ask him if he's had enough now, or will wait till he gets it? If he don't answer you may safely conclude that you have killed him.

—The receipts of the New York city street railroads, sixteen in number, foot up over $8,000,000 for last year.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE USES OF CHARCOAL.—By keeping charcoal in a hog pen there will be but little odor or disagreeable smell such as is usual The hogs appear to thrive better and faster, than in a strong smelling sty. They will consume quite a quantity, which undoubtedly does them good. Some should be powdered and some left in chunks; the powdered absorbs the wet, and the hogs will eat the stumps as they desire it. The refuse makes a most excellent manure for onions or any vegetables. By putting a small quantity in the horse stable every day, under the horse it will absorb the wet, and keep the stable perfectly sweet and wholesome. As it is removed from the stable, keep it under shelter, dry it and sow it on the meadows; the increase in the crop will pay for the trouble. Cow stables will receive the same benefit and produce the same results. It is also invaluable in the poultry house in keeping it wholesome for the fowls, and making a most valuable manure. The fowls will consume a part of it, and are not so liable to disease. It is also very desirable in the sheep pens or yards. By putting a bushel or so of the powdered charcoal down the water closet, it will remove the disagreeable smell which generally attends such places, and will remove the great objection there is to cleaning them out. When charcoal is powdered and a little dropped into a potato hill when planted, it will double the crop, and will improve the quality beyond expectation. An objection to it is that it is black and will blacken any person that handles it. I have powdered it by pounding it on the barn floor, and also by putting it through an old cider mill but it is undoubtedly dirty work any way you can fix it. But "he that would catch fish must not mind getting wet."—*Cor. County Gentleman.*

COVERING TENDER PLANTS.—We have long been in the practice of placing inverted sods on tender plants for protection during winter, Herbaceous perennials, partly tender, which otherwise would be killed by the cold of winter, have thus passed through without harm The turf did not prevent their freezing, and more especially the thawing, so gradual that no injury resulted. The hardier greenhouse plants, the stems of which die down late in autumn are wintered in this way. Half-hardy shrubs and roses, which may be cut back to within a few inches of the roots or bent prostrate, may be thus covered, and are less liable to be injured by moisture then where earth alone is the covering. We observe a modification of this mode in a late exchange, made by placing a bank of dried leaves against the foot of the shrub, over which it is carefully beat down; and then the whole stem, after being covered with leaves, is sodded with the inverted turf. Sods may be used for holding down grapevines. This practice for protecting ornamentals may be variously modified. The dead leaves may be copious and the turf light, and the whole may be again covered with leaves and held down by sloping evergreen branches, laid reversed so as to form a roof for shedding the rain. Any amount of protection may be given to tender plants or shrubs by a sufficient depth of leaves, which may be more or less, according to the degree of protection required. Evergreens alone are good, but a stratum of leaves, thin or thick as may be necessary, is as near perfection as possible.—*Country Gentleman.*

TOP-DRESSING MEADOWS.—The results of a single top-dressing on eight plots of nearly half an acre each of sandy warm soil of our State Agricultural College Farm exhibited the following facts at the end of three years. The top-dressing was applied in 1864, and the grass was cut twice each season in 1865 and 1866, and once in 1866. The produce of each cutting and of each lot was weighed separately and a perfect record kept. The results for the four seasons were as follows: On the plot to which no manure or fertilizer was applied the total weight of hay yielded per acre was 8,740 pounds. Where two bushels of plaster per acre was applied the yield per acre was 13,226 pounds, a gain of 4,484 pounds.—Where five bushels of wood ashes were applied the yield per acre was 14,907 pounds, a gain of 4,165 pounds. Where three bushels of salt was sown per acre the yield was 13,969 pounds, a gain per acre of 5,227 pounds. Where 20 loads of muck per acre was laid on, the yield per acre was 13,816 pounds, a gain of 5,074 pounds.—Where 20 loads of horse manure was laid on, the yield was 14,686 pounds, a gain of 6,254 pounds. These are results which indicate that there are fertilizers which will produce as good results as plaster. For instance, the plaster yielded a gain of 51 per cent. while the horse manure gave an increase of 71 per cent, or nearly a ton more grass per acre in the three years.—*Michigan Farmer.*

HOW TO SOW SMALL SEED.—The *Rural Carolinian* says: "Novices in floriculture make frequent failures with minute seeds, like those of the lobelia, the mimulus and the calceolaria, and even experienced florists do not always succeed with every sowing, as such seeds are very delicate and germinate only under the most favorable conditions. Have the soil in the pot, pan or box—a shallow box is best—composed of leaf mold and clean sand, two parts of the former to one of the latter, sifted or otherwise made very fine. Make the surface even and smooth and press slightly; then sprinkle it by holding a wet brush over it and drawing the hand across the bristles so as to throw a fine spray upon the soil. On this prepared surface sow the seed, and scatter over it the finest possible sprinkling of fine clean sand. Now cover the pot or box with a pane of glass, and keep it in the shade, watering, when necessary, with the spray from a brush, as before directed. The soil must not be permitted to get dry, nor must it ever be deluged with water. If the seeds be sown, as is generally the case, on a loose surface and then watered with a watering pot, they are mostly carried down with the water so deep into the soil that it is impossible for them to germinate."

AS a general rule, too much food is given to horses, and too much of this is hay. Ten pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats constitute a good day's fodder for a working horse, whether the work be fast or slow. Herbert's advice in regard to feeding horses is to give a lock of hay and a half a pail of water the first thing in the morning. After grooming give the other half pail of water, and, if he is not going out, four quarts of oats, after eating which he may have four or five pounds of hay. If going out early, feed six quarts of oats and no hay. If to be put to work in the afternoon, they should be again watered and have four quarts of oats and the remainder of their hay. Half a bushel of washed carrots a week, given at a time, will improve the coat and be beneficial to the stomach. This feeding is ample to keep horses in good working order.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

BUCKWHEAT INJURIOUS. — According to a Paris correspondent, buckwheat, when given as fodder, has been observed to produce vertigo, alike in cattle, sheep and pigs; in the case of the latter, furious delirium ensues, with difficulty to keep on the legs, and ultimately finishing with a long sleep. Inflammation of the head, red and staring eyes, are the characteristics when sheep are attacked. It is only from the flowers that the malady is produced. Bees are even said to fall off the flowers in a state of stupor, after alighting some time thereon. An agriculturist states that he allows his sheep to crop his winter rye at intervals of three days. By this process, also, he has been enabled to induce the sheep to eat damaged hay, first shaking out and airing the latter, and watering it with a solution containing 20 per cent. of salt.

SURE CURE FOR GAPES.—A well known chicken raiser says as soon as a manifestation of gapes in his fowls appears, he confines his chickens in a box, one at a time, sufficiently large to contain the bird, and places a coarse cotton or linen cloth over the top. Upon this he places air slacked lime, and taps the cloth sufficiently to cause the lime to fall through. This lime dust the fowl inhales and is made to sneeze, and in a short time the cause of the gapes is thrown out in the form of a slimy mass of worms that had accumulated in the windpipe and smaller air vessels. This remedy he considered superior to any he has ever tried, and he seldom fails to effect a perfect ecure.

SCIENTIFIC.

A Gastronomic Curiosity.—We dare say that there are a great many people who, if asked whether they could or would partake of so toothsome a dish as a broiled quail on toast once a day for a month, would stare at the questioner in astonishment, and express an earnest desire to be afforded the opportunity. And yet we can positively venture the assertion that not one person out of a thousand would continue the diet for a fortnight. This is not because of the quantity of meat, because any one's ordinary dinner aggregates an immensely larger amount, nor is it due to a surfeit of one particular kind of food, for roast beef might be eaten every day for a year with relish. The difficulty lies in the flavor of the meat. Delicious as it is as an occasional delicacy, if it be eaten daily for ten days or thereabouts, it becomes excessively nauseating. The flesh seems to acquire a rank and bitter flavor; and if the diet be persisted in, the stomach revolts and rejects the food. Why this should be so, we have never heard scientifically explained; but it is probably due to some medicinal effect of the meat which shows its results, through regular dosing, just as do some kinds of physic, which, if taken once or twice in small quantities, are imperceptible to the system, but which, if administered regularly in the same amounts for lengthy periods, act powerfully on the constitution.

Be this as it may, an individual named O'Donnell, who lives in Madison, Ind., has brought himself into notice by accomplishing the hitherto unparalleled feat (on a wager) of eating thirty quails in as many consecutive days, and this without any inconvenience or disgust. The case has attracted some attention from the medical fraternity, and sundry individuals are making Mr. O'Donnell's marvelous stomach the subject of extensive bets. It is now reported that he is to undertake the delectable task of repeated and prolonged meals of raw oysters and brown sugar: a process which might fitly terminate in a gastric malady which would annihilate the much abused stomach and its owner at the same time.

An Explosive Copper Compound.—It has long been known that acetylen copper is a very dangerous explosive, detonating on the slightest percussion, and, worse than all, forming spontaneously on the copper pipes formerly employed to convey illuminating gas.

Recently another salt of copper has been prepared, which forms, when mixed with chlorate of potash, an explosive which may be used to fill percussion caps, torpedoes, etc. To a solution of sulphate of copper is added enough hyposulphite of soda in solution to entirely destroy the blue color. Tetrathionate of the suboxide of copper is formed, and dissolved in excess of hyposulphite of soda. To another portion of the blue vitriol solution, aqua ammonia is added until the blue precipitate, at first formed, dissolves to a dark blue solution of ammonioxide of copper. The two solutions are now mixed; and after long standing, a violet-colored salt crystallizes out of the beautiful blue liquor, and it is this salt which becomes explosive when mixed with chlorate of potash. The *Polytechnisches Notizblatt*, from which we obtain the above, does not state the composition of the violet salt above referred to, or the probable reason of its explosiveness, whether due to the nitrogen imparted to it by the ammonia, or to the large excess of sulphur, which latter substance, it is well known, when in a free state forms with chlorate of potash a mixture that detonates by percussion.

Utilizing Sawdust.—The fibre of wood commonly termed by the chemists lignine, containing as it does the principles including the majority of vegetable substances, has at times been utilized for food. By skilful manipulation, a tolerably good loaf of bread has been made by Professor Auterith of Turbingen, from a deal board. The operation is described as follows: Everything which was soluble in water was removed by prolonged maceration and boiling; resinous matter was extracted by alcohol; and the wood was then reduced to fibre, dried in an oven, and ground as corn, when it had the smell and taste of corn flour. On adding three parts of water, and upon baking baked, it had much crust, and a much better taste than bread made from bran or husks of corn. It is found that wood flour, boiled with water, furnishes a nutritious jelly; and Prof. Auterith states that he ate it in the form of soup or gruel, and in dumplings or pancakes, which were palatable and wholesome. Prof. Braude, in his lectures, records an analogous result. Gum and sugar, he says, may be obtained by the action of sulphuric acid upon woody fibre, from which substance bread has been made, and in view of the close resemblance between the composition of starch and lignine, the conversion of the latter into bread is by no means remarkable.

Novel and Ingenious Apparatus.—Another earthquake indicator has been designed by an ingenious inventor abroad, and is said to possess extraordinary sensitiveness. On a slightly inclined board is fixed a spherical cap, having eight grooves, corresponding to the eight principle points of the compass, and a little beyond the edge there is a projecting wooden ring which limits the inclined surface. On the top of the cap is poised a little brass ball, which is slightly flattened at the point of contact, and upon the ball rests, very lightly, a conical weight by a small screw projecting from its base, this weight being suspended by a chain from an overhanging arm, movable up and down on a support at the side. Thus, the least shock will cause the ball to topple over, and, on doing so, it will run down one of the grooves of the cap to the inclined plane, at the bottom part of which it finds a hole, and passing into it, causes the discharge of a pistol. But this is not all. Whenever the ball has left its position on the cap, a spring needle, longer than the diameter of the ball, shoots out from the little screw knob that rested on the ball and catches in that groove of the cap down which the ball ran; the direction of the shock is on the opposite side to that in which the needle hangs down.

Among the many processes proposed for the preserving of meat, is that which requires that it be placed in an atmosphere of compressed air. The results obtained by this process seem to fully justify the claims of M. Alfonso Reyhoso, the inventor. As illustrating the general method pursued by the inventor and the character of the results obtained, the following instance is given: A half carcass of lamb was hung for several weeks in an atmosphere of compressed air, and then taken out and cut in quarters. One quarter was submitted to connoisseurs, who pronounced it excellent; the other was exposed in a room merely protected from flies by a light muslin wrapper. It dried up, but retained its natural color; and, when subsequently cooked, was found to be as sweet and agreeable to the taste as the other portion which was eaten while fresh. Should this process prove to be in truth what is claimed for it, then is answered a problem which has commanded the attention of inventors for years. The process is certainly a simple one, and could be readily adopted in the meat-producing countries.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Bromaform in Commercial Bromine.—Reyman found a specimen of bromine to be contaminated with ten per cent of some foreign substance boiling from 176 deg. to 329. deg. Fah. He found it to consist largely of bromoform, and he recommends to test every specimen of bromine for bromoform. Too small a percentage of bromine in water saturated with bromine (as well as the characteristic odor of bromoform, which is particularly strong when the bromine is mixed with a solution of iodide of potassium), and the separation of iodide, which can be decolorized by hyposulphite of soda, are sure proofs of the presence of bromoform in bromine.

Rainwater brings down yearly about 12 pounds of ammonia per acre of ground. To supply an equal amount in sulphate of ammonia at six cents per pound would cost the farmer $2.88, and this is therefore the manurial value of the rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid.—*The Galaxy for February.*—

—The gold and silver products of the mines of Colorado Territory during 1875, is estimated at a total of $7,647,800.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO BAKE AN APPLE.—In the hurry of housework, the baking of apples, considered a small affair is overlooked, and if the fruit can be sufficiently reduced by the heat it matters not how it is done. This will make anything but an acceptable dish—acceptable to the eye as well as the palate. You want every apple to remain perfect, retaining its shape, and not be an undistinguishable mass of pulp, core and peel, baked next to dryness, or insufficiently cooked at the centre.

To bake an apple properly is a nice thing, requiring attention. The first thing is *uniformity of heat*. I emphasize this, as it is indispensable. Too much or too little heat is at all times faulty. Hence a coal stove is the place to bake an apple. You must acquire by experience the amount of heat needed. It is not much; and it therefore takes longer to cook sour fruit. This also is a necessity. The time depends somewhat on the thickness of the peel, and the amount of moisture held by it. It is this holding the moisture while baking, that is the secret of successfully baking an apple. It is confining the steam which gets up a commotion and reduces the pulp to a fine texture, a thorough reduction, leaving the skin a thin silken covering, holding the flavor and aroma. This is an advantage to a highly flavored fruit, but it also improves an apple of inferior quality, lessening the acid.

To secure all this, an apple should be exposed to the heat from three to five hours, according to size, and whether sweet or sour; a sweet apple requiring more time. As soon as removed from the oven lay open the (sour) fruit, remove the core, sprinkle fine white sugar over it, close up and set away till cool. The Spitzenburgh (Esopus) is the king of fruit for this purpose. The point to be observed in baking is to see that the skin is not broken by the heat as it generates the steam.—*Country Gentleman.*

MANNERS.—I used just now that word, manners. Let me beg your very serious attention to it. I use it, remember, in its true, its ancient—that is, in its moral and spiritual—sense. I use it as the old Greeks, the old Romans, used their corresponding words; as our wise forefathers used it, when they said well, that "Manners makyth man;" that manners are at once the efficient cause of a man's success, and a proof of his deserving to succeed; the outward and visible sign of whatsoever inward and spiritual grace, or disgrace, there may be in him. I mean by what our Lord meant when he reproved the pushing and vulgar arrogance of the Scribes and Pharisees, and laid down the golden rule of all good manners, "He that is the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." Next, I beg you to remember that all, or almost all, the good manners which we have among us—courtesies, refinements, self-restraint, and mutual respect—all which raises us socially and morally above our forefathers of 1,500 years ago—deep-hearted men, valiant and noble, but coarse and arrogant and quarrelsome—all that, or almost all, we owe to Christ, to the influence of His example, and to that Bible which testifies of Him. Yes, the Bible has been for Christendom, in the cottage as much as in the palace, the school of manners; and the saying that he who becomes a true Christian becomes a true gentleman is no rhetorical boast, but a solid historic fact.

TO REMOVE GREASE-SPOTS FROM BOOKS OR PAPER.—Gently warm the soiled part of the book or paper, and then press upon it a piece of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil or turpentine, heated almost to a boiling state; warm the greased leaf a little, and then, with a soft, clean brush, wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discolored.

SUGAR and fatty matter fatten those who eat them and can digest them. All the grains are fattening, and all animals that live on grain become fat if they have as much as they can eat. On the contrary, the animals which eat the flesh of other animals exclusively, never do become fat, no matter how much food may be at their disposal; but those who do not feed on stall fattened beef, but catch game as it runs, and this is not fat enough to fatten the lion, tiger, or eagle. Eat lean beef, mutton, and fish, and avoid sugar, butter, and, especially, fine flour in all its forms, and eat but little breadstuff at all. Use tart fruit and common vegetables, and exercise freely.

TO MAKE FLUMMERY.—Half an hour before dinner, put some slices of sponge cake in a deep dish—some prefer macaroons to cake,—moisten them with wine until quite wet, then make a rich custard, cool it, and pour it over the cakes. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and pile on the custard. Blanched almonds or raisins put here and there in the top, give a pretty effect; this should be served in saucers.

CHICKEN OR RABBIT CURRY.—Cut up a chicken or a young rabbit; if chicken, remove the skin. Roll each piece in a little salt slightly flattened at the point of contact, and upon the ball rests, very lightly, a conical weight by a small screw projecting from its base, this weight being suspended by a chain from an overhanging arm, movable up and down on a support at the side. Thus, the least shock will cause the ball to topple over, and, on doing so, it will run down one of the grooves of the cap to the inclined plane, at the bottom part of which it finds a hole, and passing into it, causes the discharge of a pistol. But this is not all. Whenever the ball has left its position on the cap, a spring needle, longer than the diameter of the ball, shoots out from the little screw knob that rested on the ball and catches in that groove of the cap down which the ball ran; the direction of the shock is on the opposite side to that in which the needle hangs down.

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